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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

1856 Colonna

£3/10/-

Mary B. Adams —

1870 —

He went to catch a Dicky bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

A TREASURY

OF

PLEASURE BOOKS

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Illustrated with One Hundred and Sixty-eight Pictures by eminent Artists.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW & SON, 47 LUDGATE HILL.
1856.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

To my dear Children, Maja, Harry, and Herbert.

EARLY all the Tales that are printed in this little book were written many years ago. Your mamma and your grandmamma learned them when they were little children like yourselves, and I dare say they will be great favourites with boys and girls for many, many years to come. The "*Wonderful Story of Henny-Penny*," and "*The Robin's Yule Song*," are tales told by nurses in Scotland; and I have to thank Mr. Robert Chambers for allowing me to reprint them for you in English. The "*Story of the Three Bears*" is a very old Nursery Tale, but it never was so well told as by the great poet Southey, whose version I have (with permission) given you, only I have made the intruder a little girl instead of an old woman. This I did because I found that the tale is better known with SILVER-HAIR, and because there are so many other stories of old women.

Mr. Absolon, and Mr. Wehnert, and Mr. Meadows, and Mr. Weir, have made a great number of famous pictures for this book, and I am sure you will be very much pleased with them. When you are old enough to learn to draw men and animals, these pictures will serve you excellently well as copies; but you must begin with some that are more easy to draw.

As you already know some of these tales by heart, I hope you will soon learn the others. I do not mean word for word, but only the stories of them, so that when you go out to see other little boys and girls, or other little boys and girls come to see you, you may be able to amuse them, and then I dare say they will tell you tales as good as those you have told them.

Your loving Father,

J. C.

Kentish Town, Nov. 1849.

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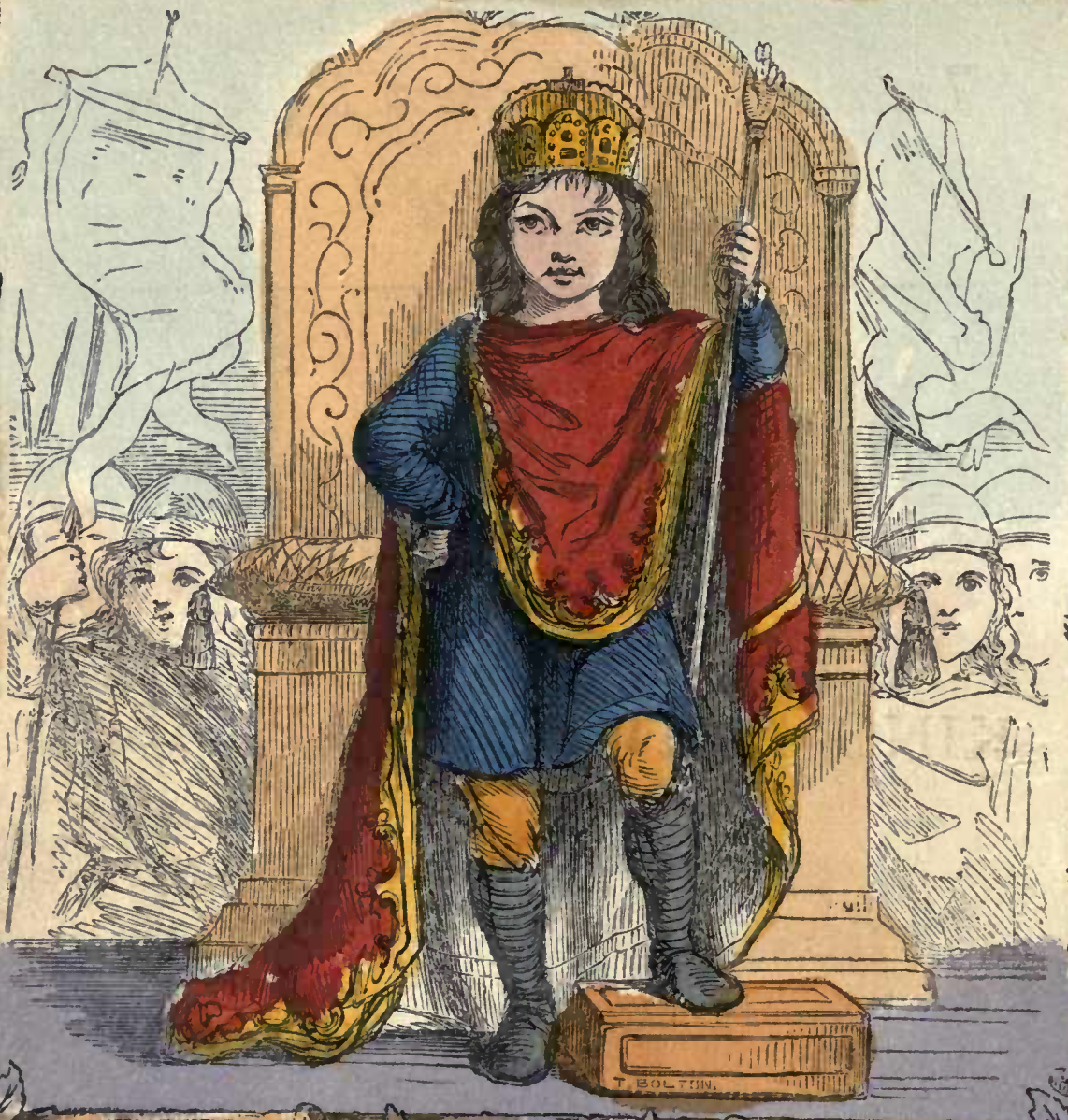
KING ARTHUR'S ALPHABET.



A is KING ARTHUR,
Who ruled o'er the land.

Macquoid del. T. BOLTON.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

KING ARTHUR'S

ALPHABET.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW AND SON,
47 LUDGATE HILL.

M.acquoid. del. T. BOLTON.

B is BO-PEEP,
With a crook in her hand.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

C's CINDERELLA,
Who danced at the ball.
T. BOLTON.

D's HUMPTY-DUMPTY,
Who sat on the wall.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

E is PRINCE ELFIN,
So courteous and bold.

F is the FAIR ONE,
With locks of bright gold.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

G's GOODY TWO-SHOES,

A-teaching a sum.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

H is JACK HORNER,
Who pulled out a plum.

I's ISABEL,

The sweet wife of the Miller.

Macquoid. del. T. BOLTON

J is for JACK,
The renown'd Giant-Killer.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

K is the KING,
Who counted his money.

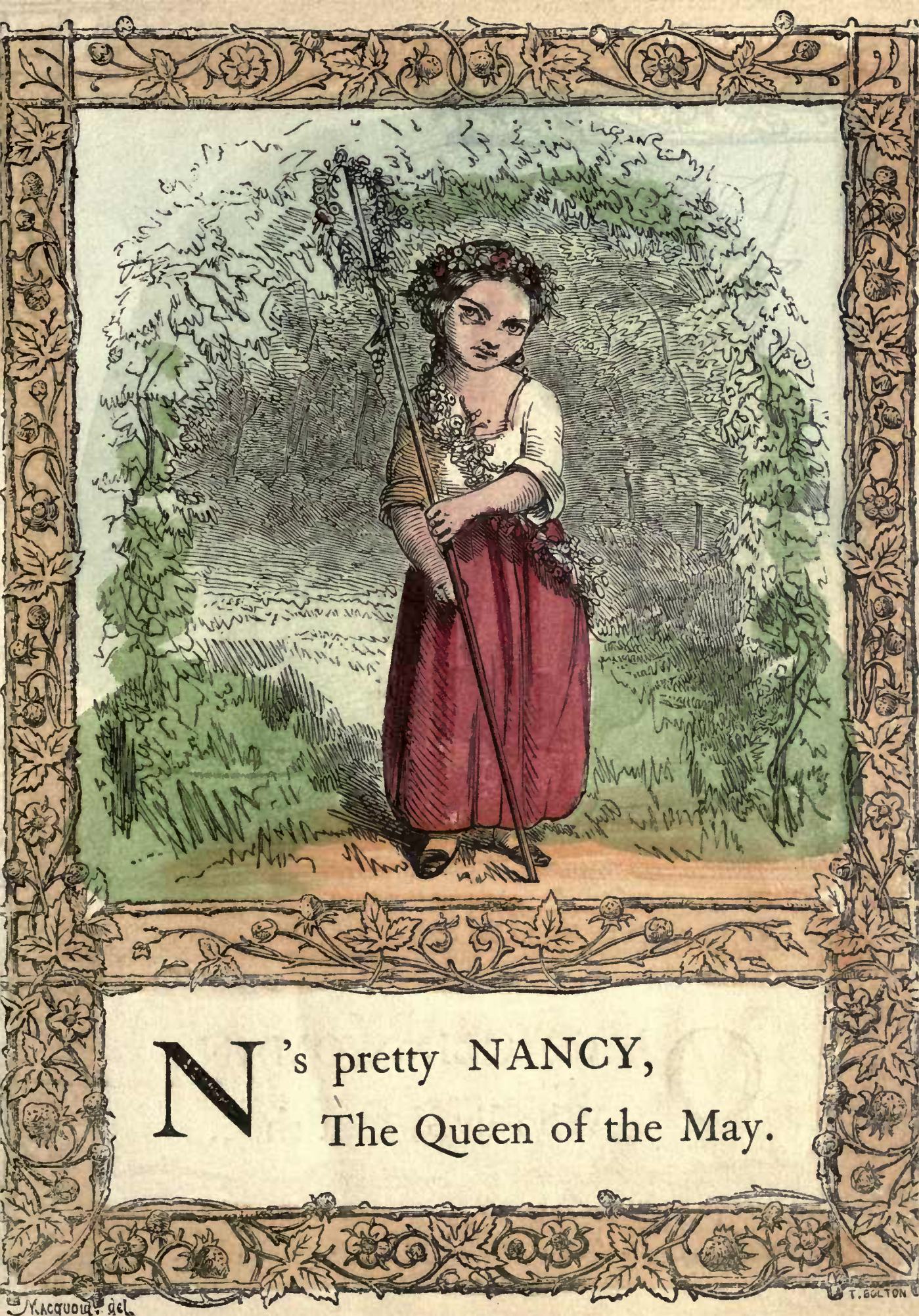
Macquoid del.
T. BOLTON

L's Little RIDING-HOOD,
Carrying honey.

M is for MARY,
With garden so gay.

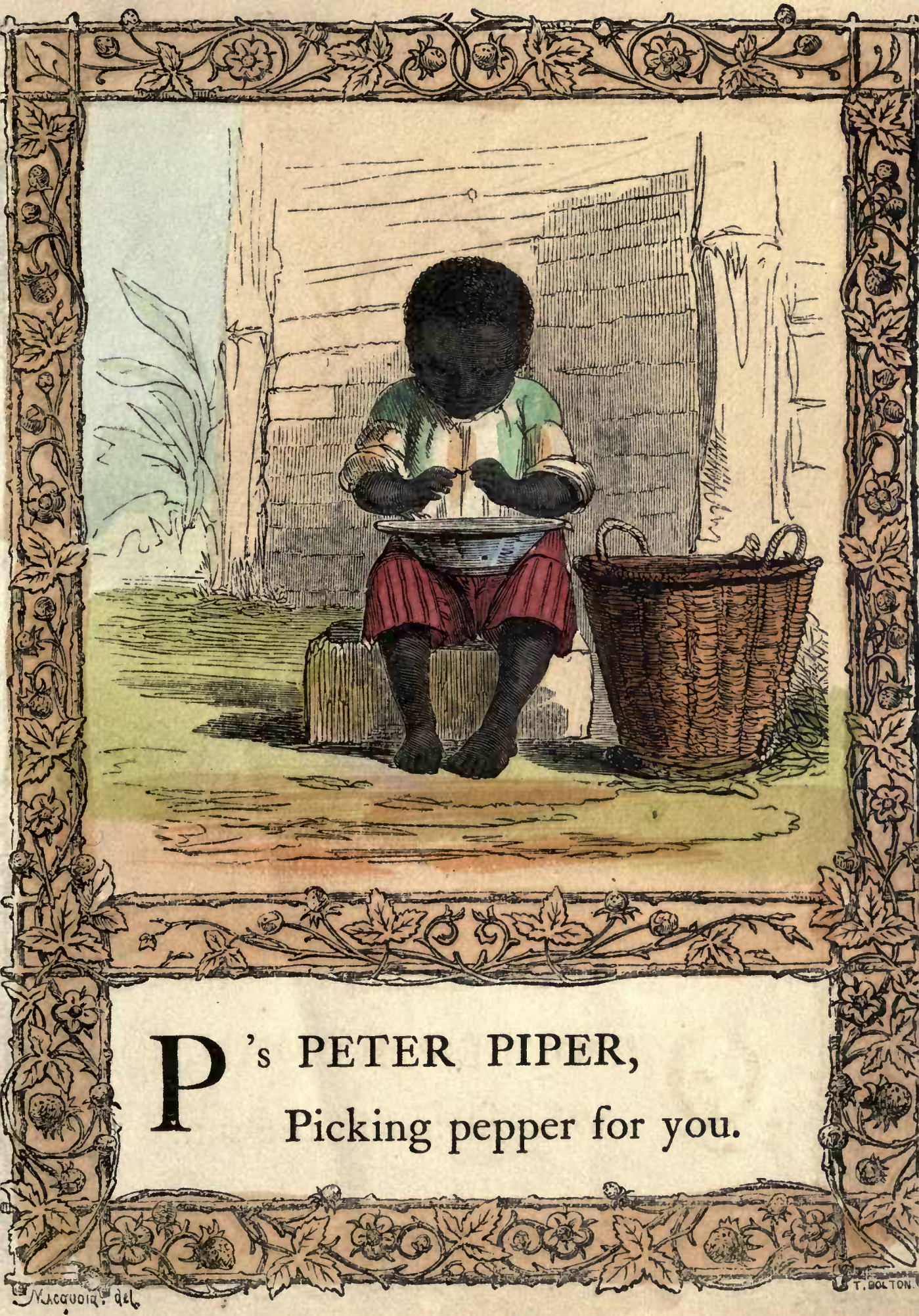
Macquoid del.

T. BOLTON.

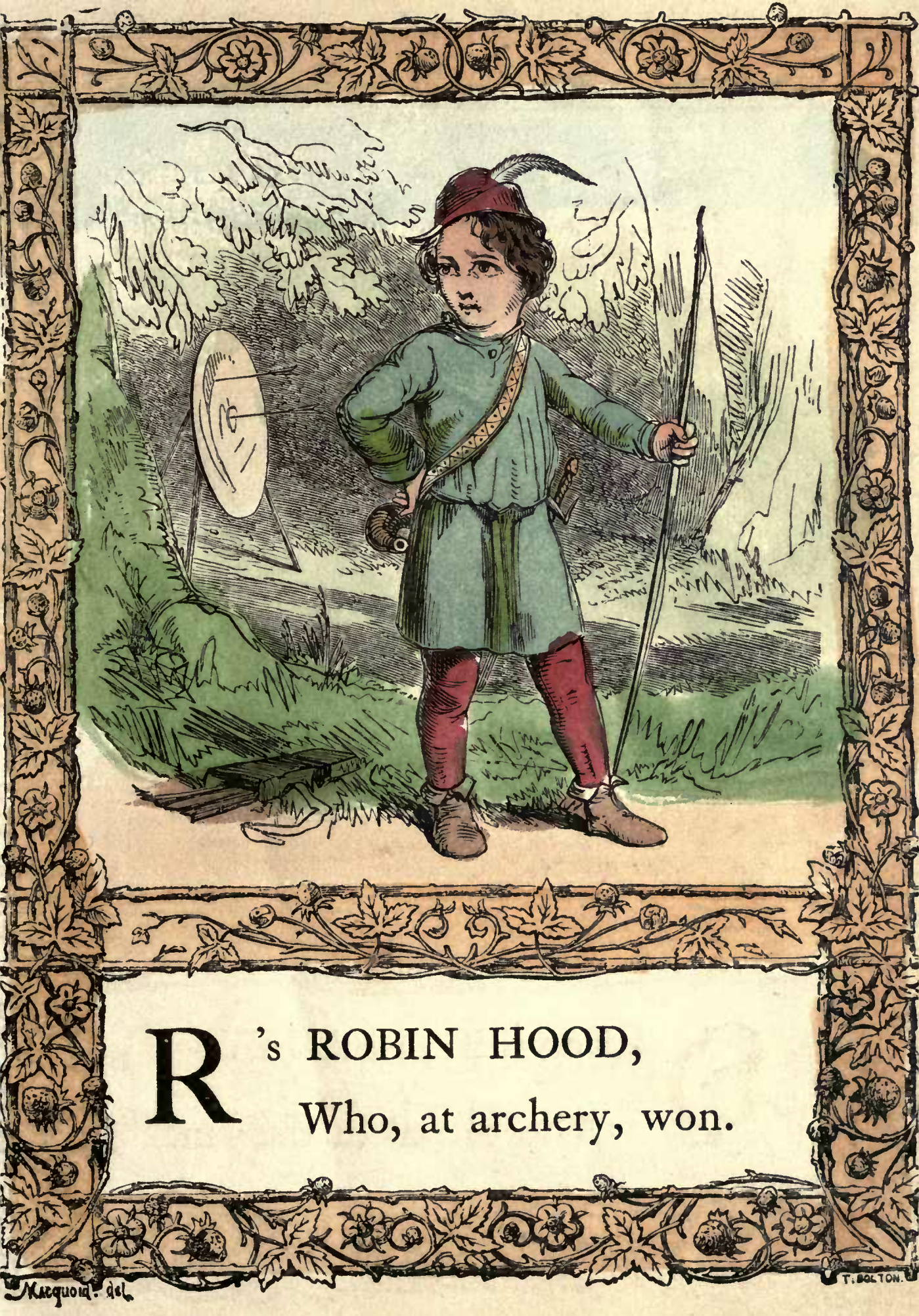

N's pretty NANCY,
The Queen of the May.

O's the OLD WOMAN,
Who lived in a shoe.

Jacquoid del. T. BOLTON.


P's PETER PIPER,
Picking pepper for you.

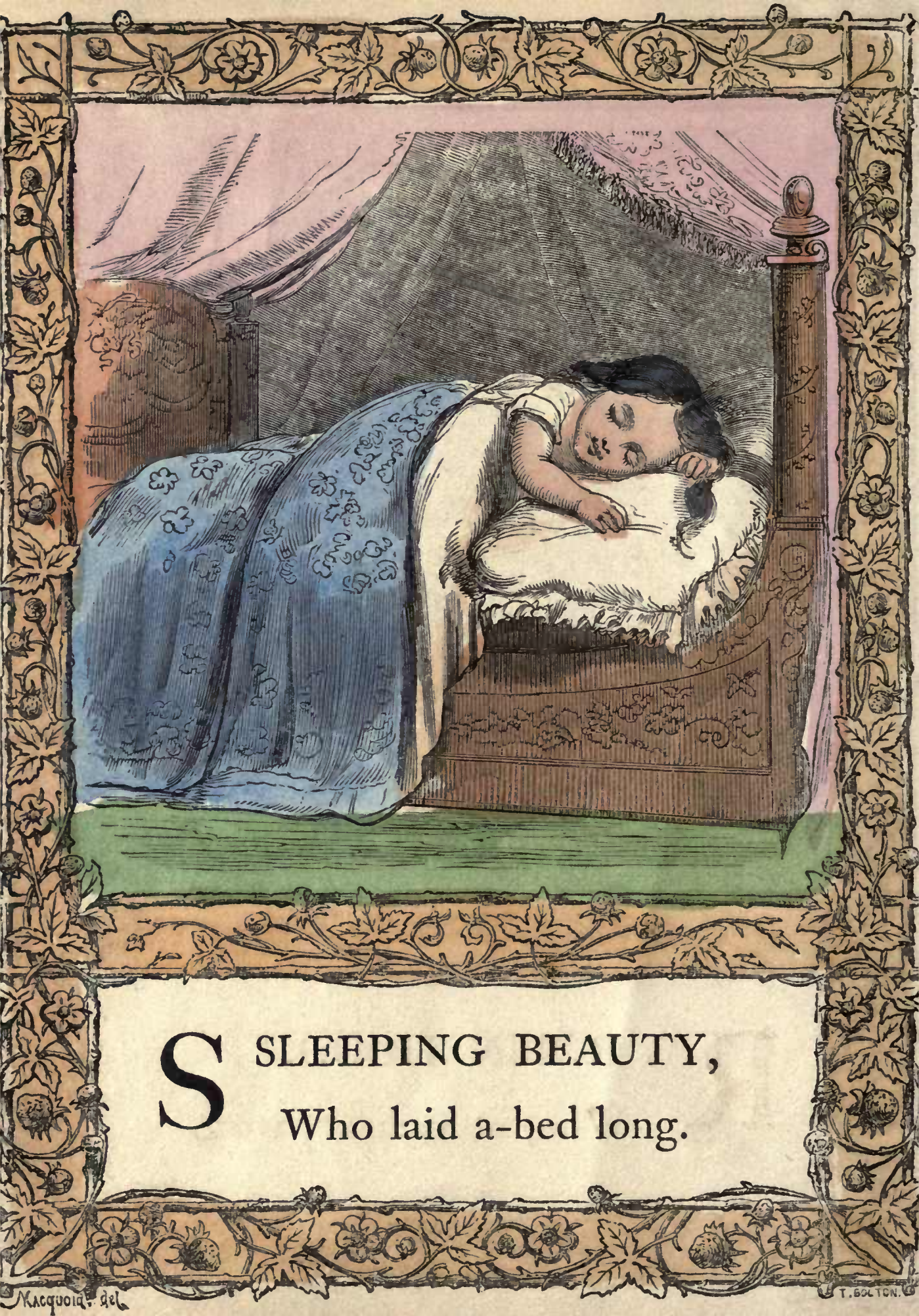
Q is QUEEN ANNE,
Who oft sat in the sun.



R 's ROBIN HOOD,
Who, at archery, won.

Macquoid. del.

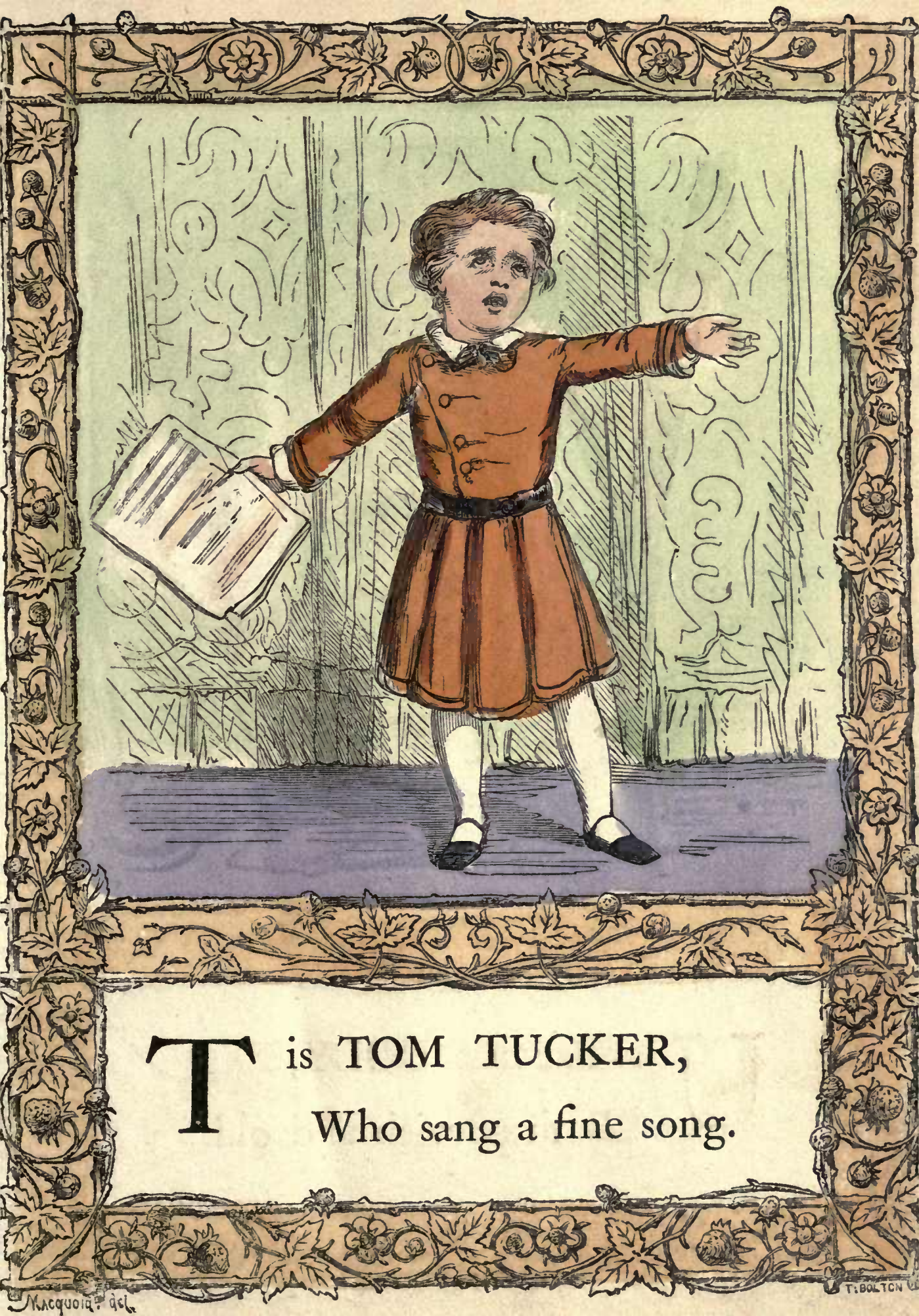
T. BOLTON.



S SLEEPING BEAUTY,
Who laid a-bed long.

Macquoid. del.

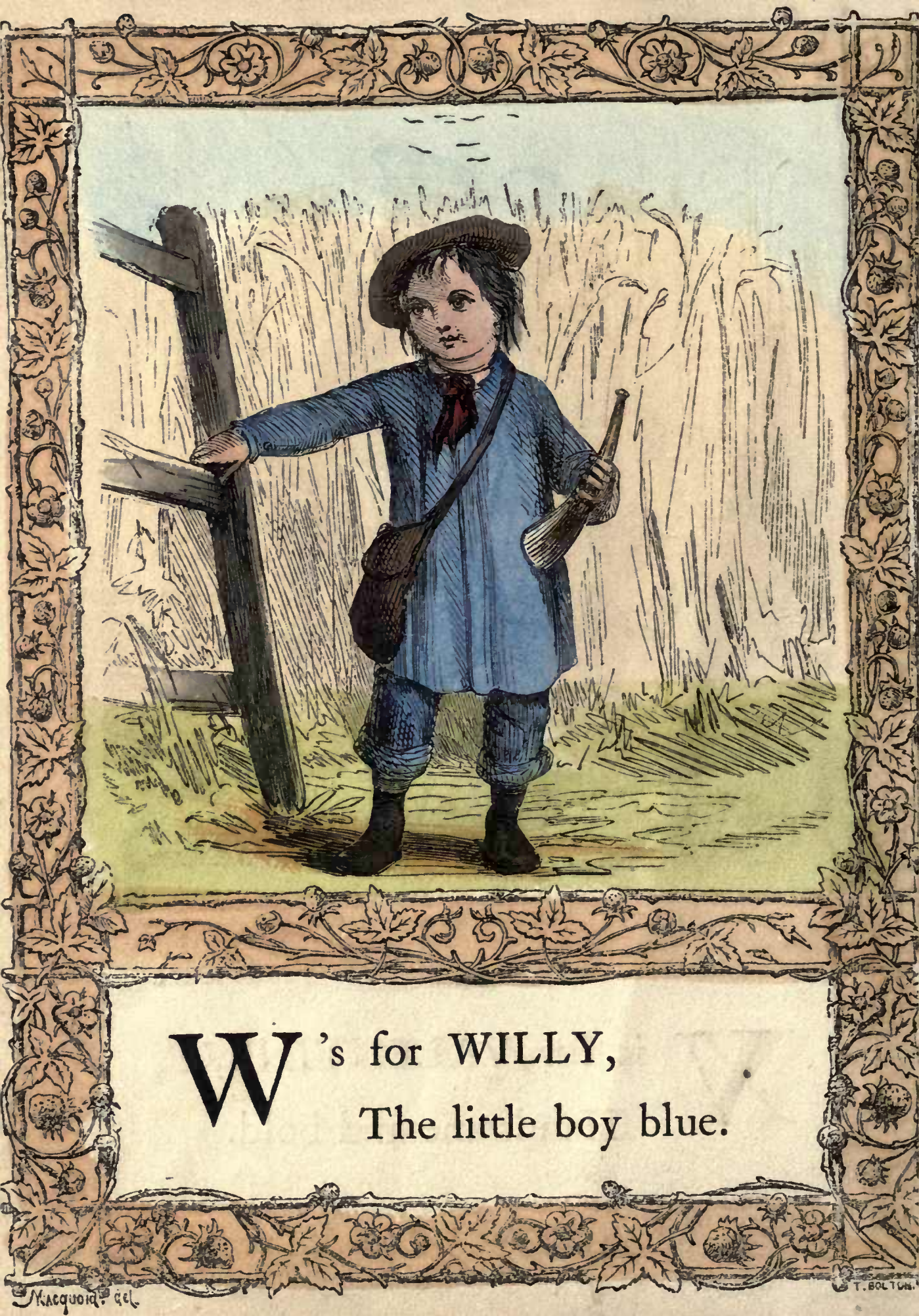
T. BOLTON.



T is TOM TUCKER,
Who sang a fine song.

U's Princess UGLY,
Both peevish and old.

V is for VALENTINE,
Handsome and bold.



W's for WILLY,
The little boy blue.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON

X is PRINCE EXCELLENT,
Honest and true.

Macquoid. del.
T. BOLTON.

Y is the famous

YOUNG HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

Z is a ZANY.—

Now give me a plum.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE HISTORY

OF

LITTLE BO-PEEP,

WHO

LOST HER SHEEP.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.

MACQUOID. del. T. BOLTON.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Under a meadow hard by:
There she espy'd their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks went race-o;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its place-o.

THE STORY

OF

TOM THE PIPER'S SON.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he ran.

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young;
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
He pleased both the girls and boys;
They'd dance and skip while he did play
"Over the hills and far away."

Then Tom he learn'd to play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he play'd they began for to dance,—
E'en pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

And as Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
Poor Doll and the cow they danced a lilt,
Till her pail it fell down, and the milk it was spilt.

He met with Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;

She danced about till her eggs were all broke,
And Tom he thought 'twas a very fine joke.

Tom saw a cross fellow beating his ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He play'd them a jig, and they danced to the tune,
And the jackass's load was lighten'd soon.

Once a dog got a piggy fast hold by the ear,
The piggy squall'd murder, and Tom, being near,
He play'd them a tune, and they didn't dance bad,
Considering the little tuition they'd had.

Tom met with a Farmer in a sad dirty place,
Where he made him to dance (he had so little grace);
He danced in the dirt till he danced in a ditch,
Where he left him in mud as thick as black pitch.

Some little time after Tom slept on some hay,
The very same Farmer was passing that way;
He took poor Tom's pipe, and bade him prepare
To answer his crimes before the Lord Mayor.

To the Lord Mayor he took him, and told all Tom's art,
How he made people dance with a sorrowful heart;
Begg'd he'd send him abroad, and there teach to dance
All the men and the women and children of France.

Says Tom, "I am willing to go into France;
Only give me my pipe, and I'll give them a dance."
They gave him his pipe,—he began for to play,
And the Farmer and Mayor they went dancing away.

THE ROBIN'S YULE SONG.

ONCE on a time there was an old grey Pussy, and she went down by the water-side, and there she saw a wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a brier;

and Pussy says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning." And Pussy says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck." But wee Robin says, "No, no, grey Pussy; no, no! You worried the wee mousie, but you shall not worry me." So wee Robin flew away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a grey, greedy Hawk sitting. And the grey, greedy Hawk says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine Yule morning." And grey, greedy Hawk says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing." But wee Robin says, "No, no, grey, greedy Hawk; no, no! You pecked at the wee linnet, but you shan't peck me." So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rock, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting. And the sly Fox says, "Where are you going to, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine Yule morning." And the sly Fox says, "Come, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail." But wee Robin says,

"No, no, sly Fox; no, no! You worried the wee lamb, but you shan't worry me." So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rivulet, and there he saw a wee boy sitting. And the wee Boy says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning." And the wee Boy says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll give you some little crumbs out of my pocket." But wee Robin says, "No, no, wee Boy; no, no! You twisted the goldfinch's neck, but you shan't twist mine." So wee Robin flew away till he came to the King, and there he sat on a window-sill, and sang the King a bonny song. And the King says to the Queen, "What shall we give to the wee Robin for singing us this bonny song?" And the Queen says to the King, "I think we'll give him the wee Wren to be his wife." So wee Robin and the wee Wren were married, and the King, and Queen, and all the court danced at the wedding, and afterwards wee Robin flew away home to his own water-side and hopped on a brier.

THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

A Fox jump'd up on a moonlight night,
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
"Oh, ho!" said the Fox, "it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!"

The Fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears, and he listen'd awhile;

"Oh, ho!" said the Fox, "it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder town, e-oh!"

The Fox when he came to the Farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the Farmer's drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bones, e-oh!"

The grey goose ran right round the hay-stack,
"Oh, ho!" said the Fox, "you are very fat;
You'll do very well to ride on my back
From this into yonder town, e-oh!"

The Farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popp'd her head;
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the Fox has been through the town, e-oh!"

The Farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a Fox through the head:
"Ah, ha!" said the Farmer, "I think you're quite dead,
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!"

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE HISTORY

OF

MOTHER GOOSE

AND

HER SON JACK.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.

Macquoid. del. T. BOLTON.

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SON JACK.

Old Mother Goose,
When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house, 'twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door for sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A smart-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
" Here, mother," says he,
" It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

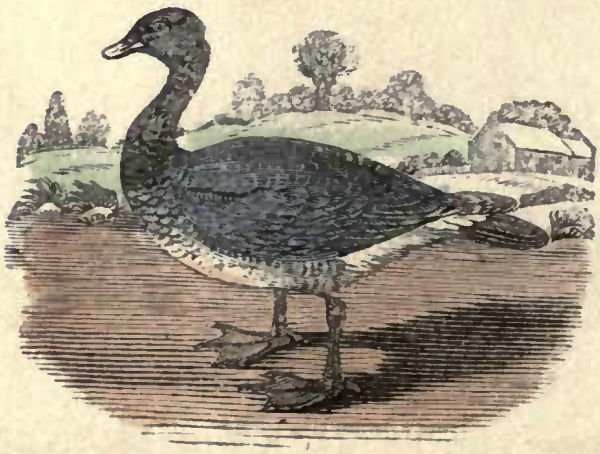
Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire came close at his back,
And began to belabour the sides of poor Jack.

And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea,
But Jack he jumped in,
And got it back presently.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.



THE SIMPLE STORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Shew me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Then Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare;
He rode on a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.

He went to catch a dicky-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

Simon made a great snow-ball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

And Simon he would honey eat
Out of the mustard-pot;
He bit his tongue until he cried,—
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
That had got a little calf;
She threw him down upon the ground,
And made all the people laugh.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Says Simple Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all run through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Sing heigho says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,
Heigho says Anthony Rowley.

So off he march'd with his opera hat,
Heigho says Rowley,
And on the way he met with a rat;
With a rowley powley, &c.

And when they came to mouse's hall,
Heigho says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho says Rowley,
"Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley powley, &c.

Now while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho says Rowley,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in;
With a rowley powley, &c.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
With a rowley powley, &c.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho says Rowley,
So he took up his hat, and he wish'd them good night;
With a rowley powley, &c.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley powley, &c.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,
Heigho says Anthony Rowley.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE RENOWNED STORY

OF

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

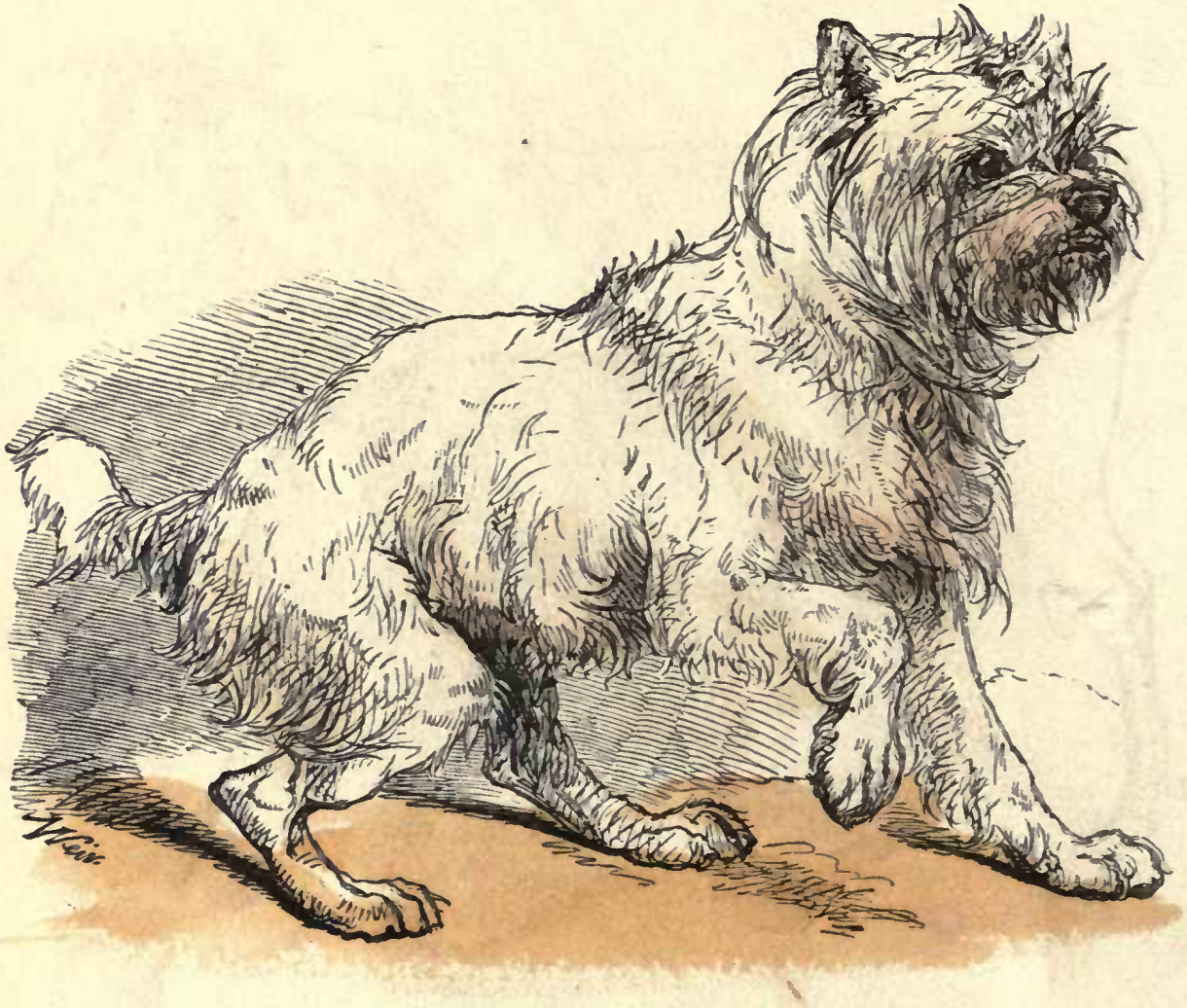
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON AND HARRISON WEIR.

THIS is the house that Jack built.

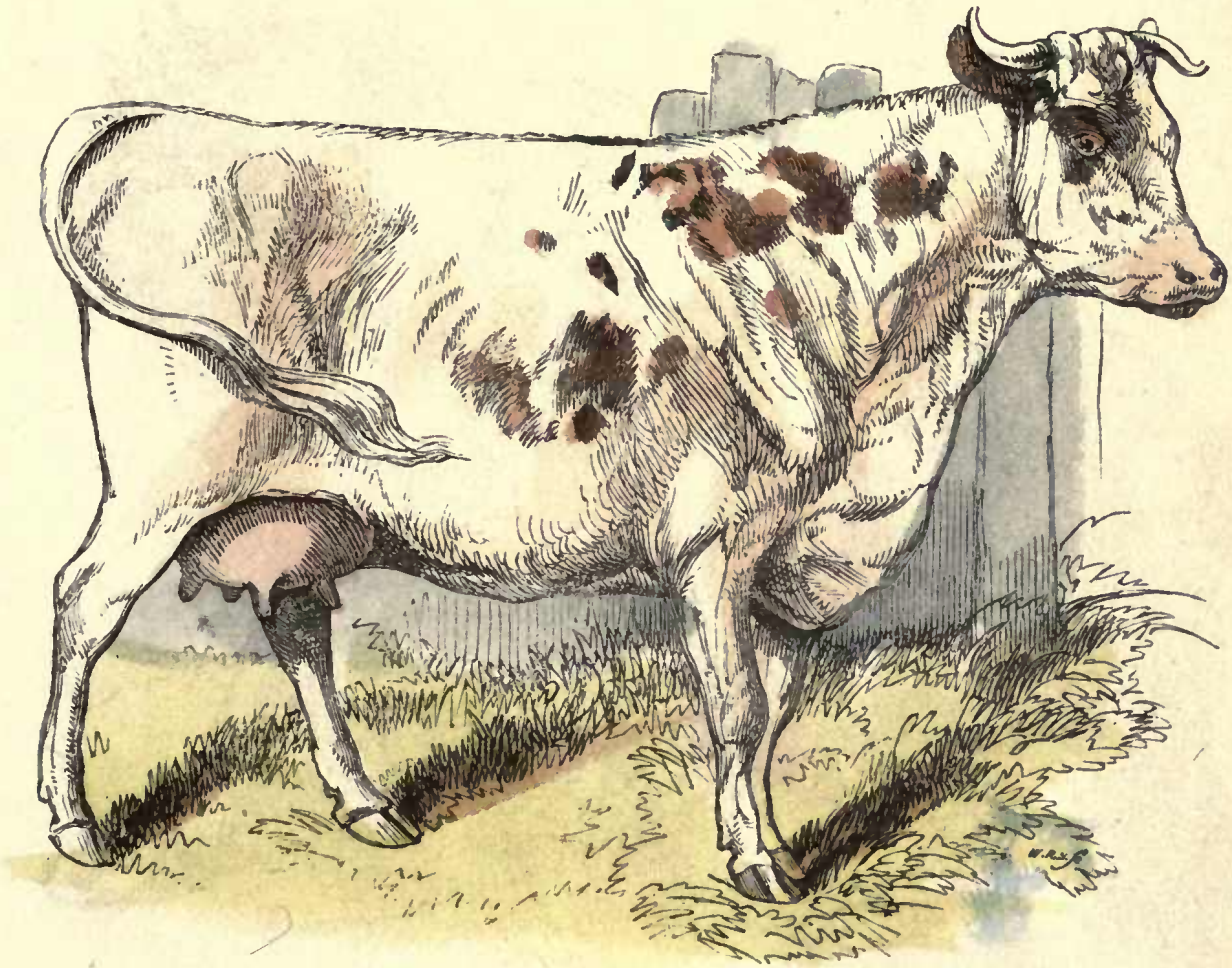
This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,

That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,

That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the horse, and the hound, and the horn,
That belong'd to the farmer who sow'd the corn,

That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE STORY

OF THE

CAT AND THE MOUSE,

WHO

PLAY'D IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON AND HARRISON WEIR.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

Once on a time a Cat and a Mouse were playing together in the kitchen of the farm-house at Spring

Vale, when, quite by accident, the Cat bit off the Mouse's tail.

It was very strange that the Cat did not bite off the Mouse's head; but this Mouse was a good Mouse, and never stole any cheese, and so the Cat only bit off her tail. Mousey was very much vexed to see that her tail was gone, so she said to Pussy,—

"Oh, dear Pussy! do give me my tail again."

"No, that I will not," said Pussy, "till you get me some milk for my breakfast."

"Oh, the Cow will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Cow, and thus began:—

"Please, Cow, give me some milk; I want to give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some hay for my breakfast," said the Cow.

"Oh, the Farmer will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Farmer, and thus began :—

"Please, Mr. Farmer, give me some hay ; I want to give the Cow hay. The Cow will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some bread for my breakfast," said the Farmer.

"Oh, the Baker will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Baker, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Baker, give me some bread; I want to give the Farmer bread. The Farmer will give me some hay, I will give the Cow hay; the Cow will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some meat for my breakfast," said the Baker.

"Oh, the Butcher will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Butcher, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Butcher, give me some meat; I want to give the Baker meat. The Baker will give me some bread, I will give the Farmer bread; the Farmer will give me some hay, I will give the Cow hay; the Cow will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

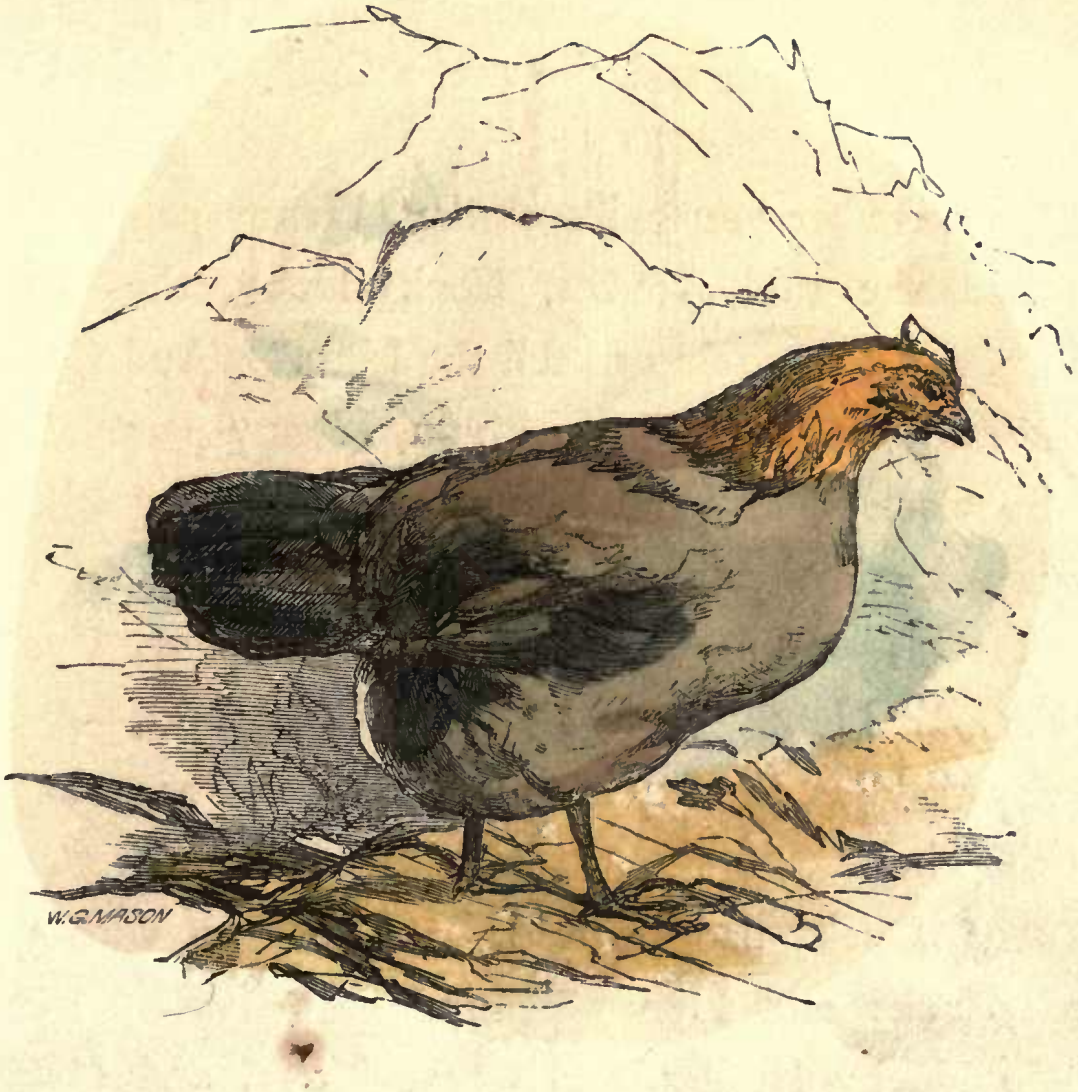
"So I will, Mousey, if you will eat up the crumbs that have fallen at my breakfast," said the Butcher.

"Oh, that I will," said the Mouse; and she soon cleared the floor of every crumb.

Then the Butcher gave the Mouse some meat, and the Mouse gave the Baker the meat, and the Baker gave the Mouse some bread, and the Mouse gave the Farmer the bread, and the Farmer gave the Mouse some hay, and the Mouse gave the Cow the hay, and the

Cow gave the Mouse some milk, and the Mouse gave Pussy milk, and then Pussy gave poor little Mousey her own tail again.

And she frisked, and jumped, and away she ran,
And cried out to Pussy, "Catch me if you can!"



THE WONDERFUL STORY OF

HENNY-PENNY.

One fine summer morning a hen was picking peas in a farm-yard under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head such a thump that she thought the sky had fallen. And she thought she would go to the court and tell the king that the sky was falling: so she gaed, and she

gaed, and she gaed, and she met a Cock, and the Cock said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Henny-penny?"

And she said,—"Oh, Cocky-locky, the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king." And Cocky-locky said,—"I will go with you, Henny-penny."

So Cocky-locky and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they met a Duck. So the Duck said,—"Where are you going to-day, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny?" And they said,—"Oh, Ducky-daddles, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Ducky-daddles said,—"I will go with you, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny."

So Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they met a Goose. So the Goose said,—"Where are you going to-day, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?" And they said,—"Oh, Goosie-poosie, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king." And Goosie-poosie said,—"I will go with you, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and

they gaed, till they met a Turkey. So the Turkey said,—"Where are you going to-day, Goosie-poosie,

Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?" And they said,—"Oh, Turkey-lurky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king." And Turkey-lurky said,—"I will go with you, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Turkey-lurky, and Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they met a Fox. So the Fox said,—"Where are you going to-day, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?" And they said,—"Oh, Mr. Fox, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king." And the Fox said,—"Come with me, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, and I will show you the road to the king's house."

So they all gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they came to the Fox's hole, and the Fox took them all into his hole; and he and his young cubs ate up first poor Henny-penny, then poor Cocky-locky, then poor Ducky-daddles, then poor Goosie-poosie, and then poor Turkey-lurky: and so they never got to the king to tell him that the clouds had fallen on the head of poor Henny-penny.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE COURTSHIP AND WEDDING

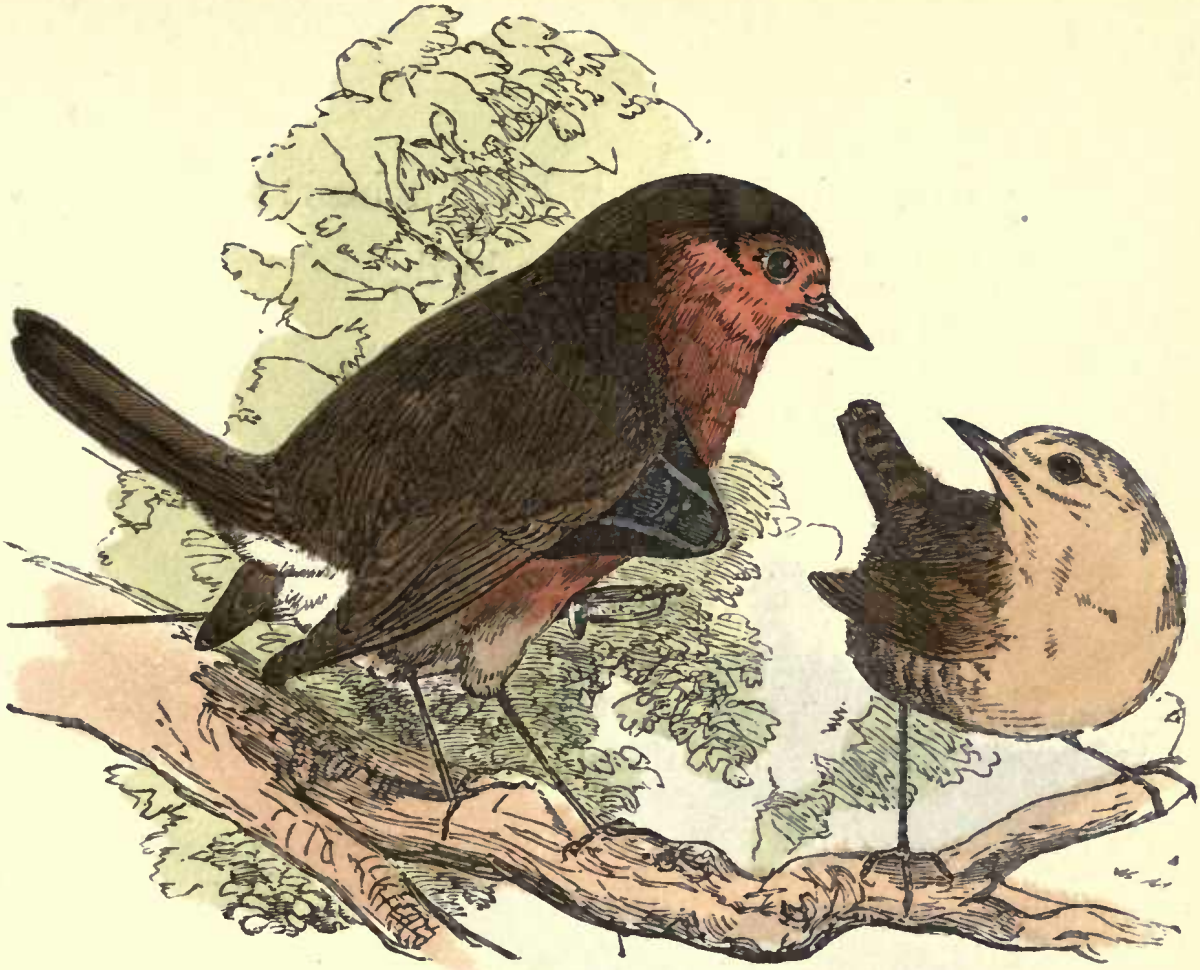
OF

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE DOLEFUL DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.



THE MARRIAGE OF

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

It was on a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,—

Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doff'd his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry-pie,
And drink nice currant-wine.

I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

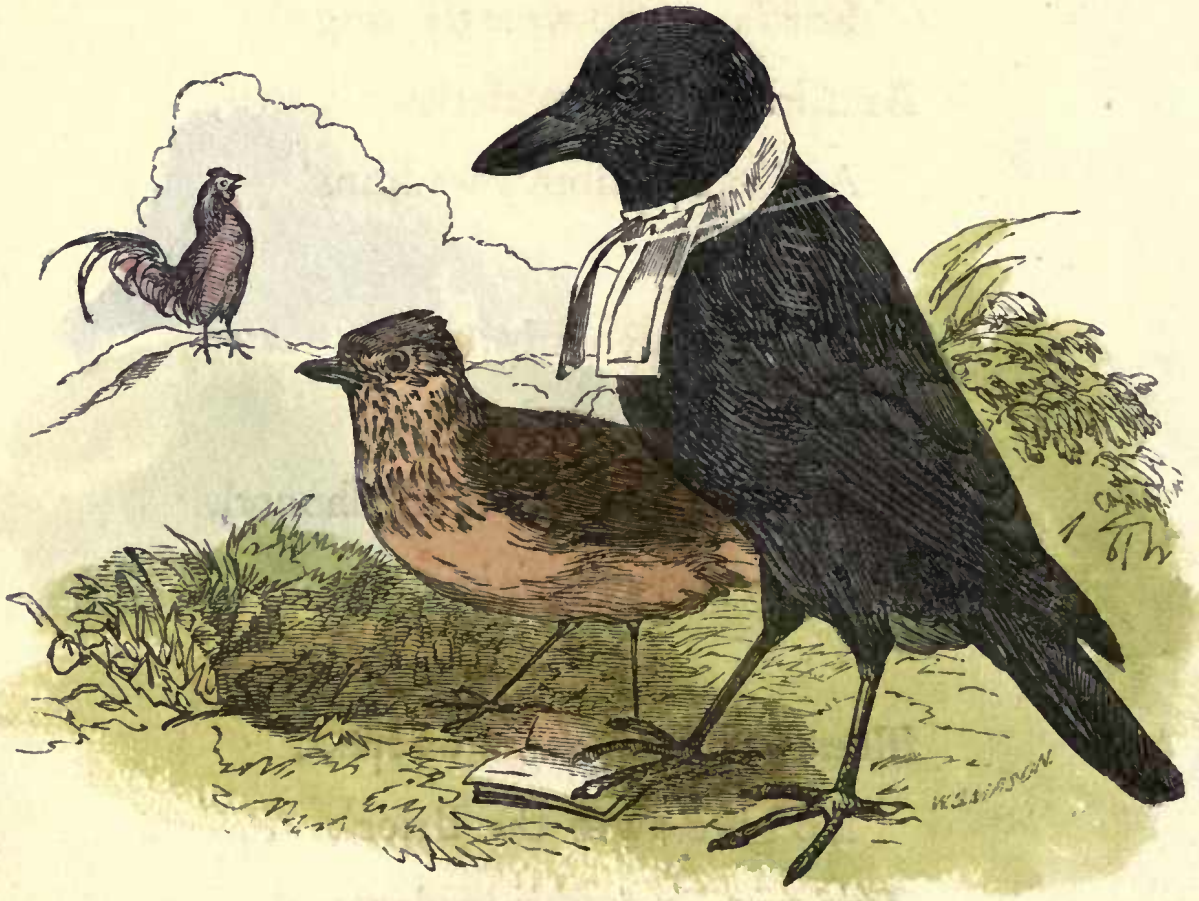
Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind;

Cherry-pie is very good!
So is currant-wine;
But I will wear my brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early,
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

He met the Cock and Hen,
And bade the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn
To let the neighbours know
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.



And first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band;
And one of Mother Hubbard's books
He held within his hand.

Then follow'd him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.

He sung of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the Bride;
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,
Walk'd by Jenny's side;

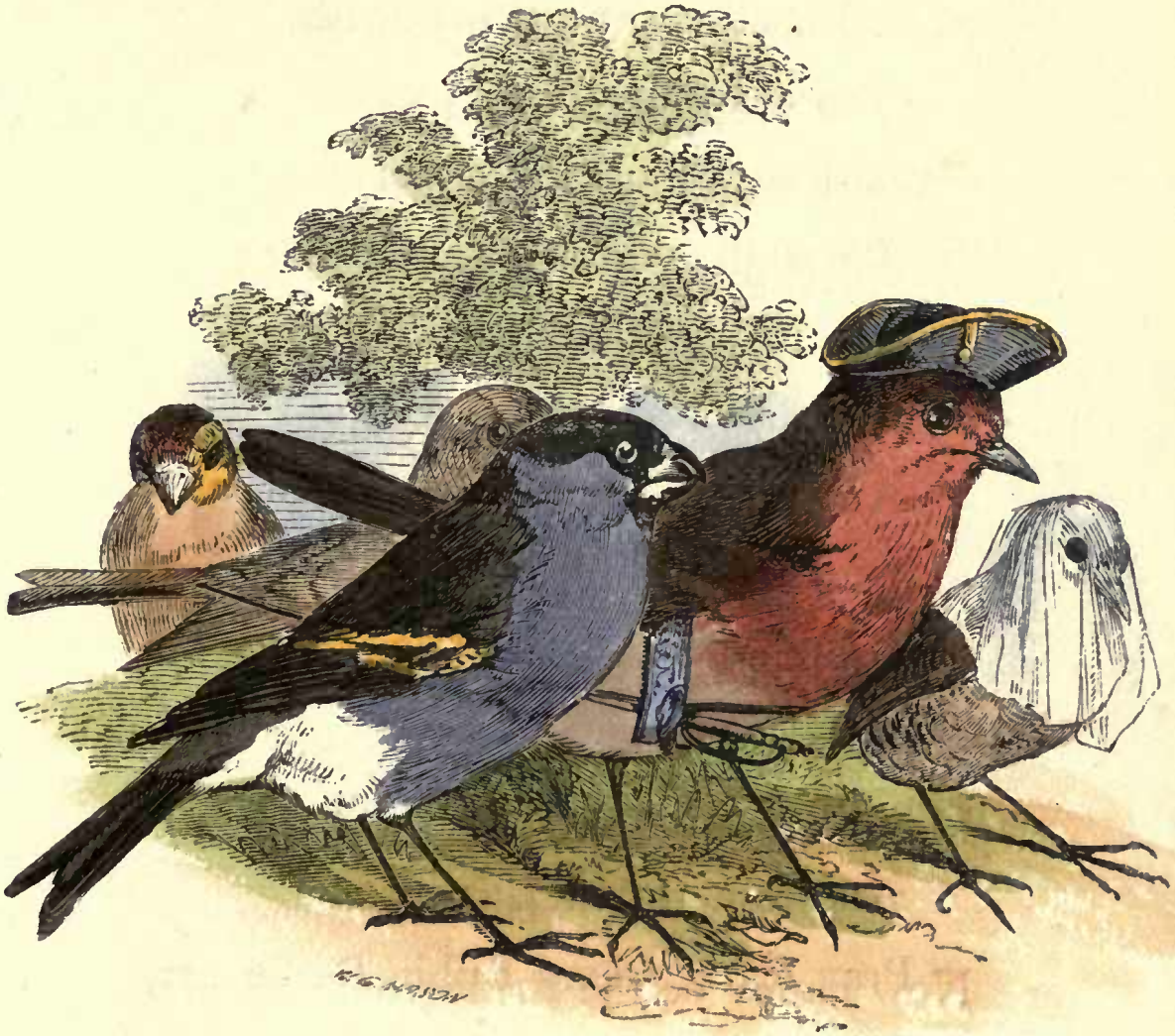
And as she was a-walking,
Said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;

The Sparrow and Tom-Tit,
And many more, were there;
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren the fair.

The Bulfinch walk'd by Robin,
And thus to him did say,
"Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch, dress'd so gay;

What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."



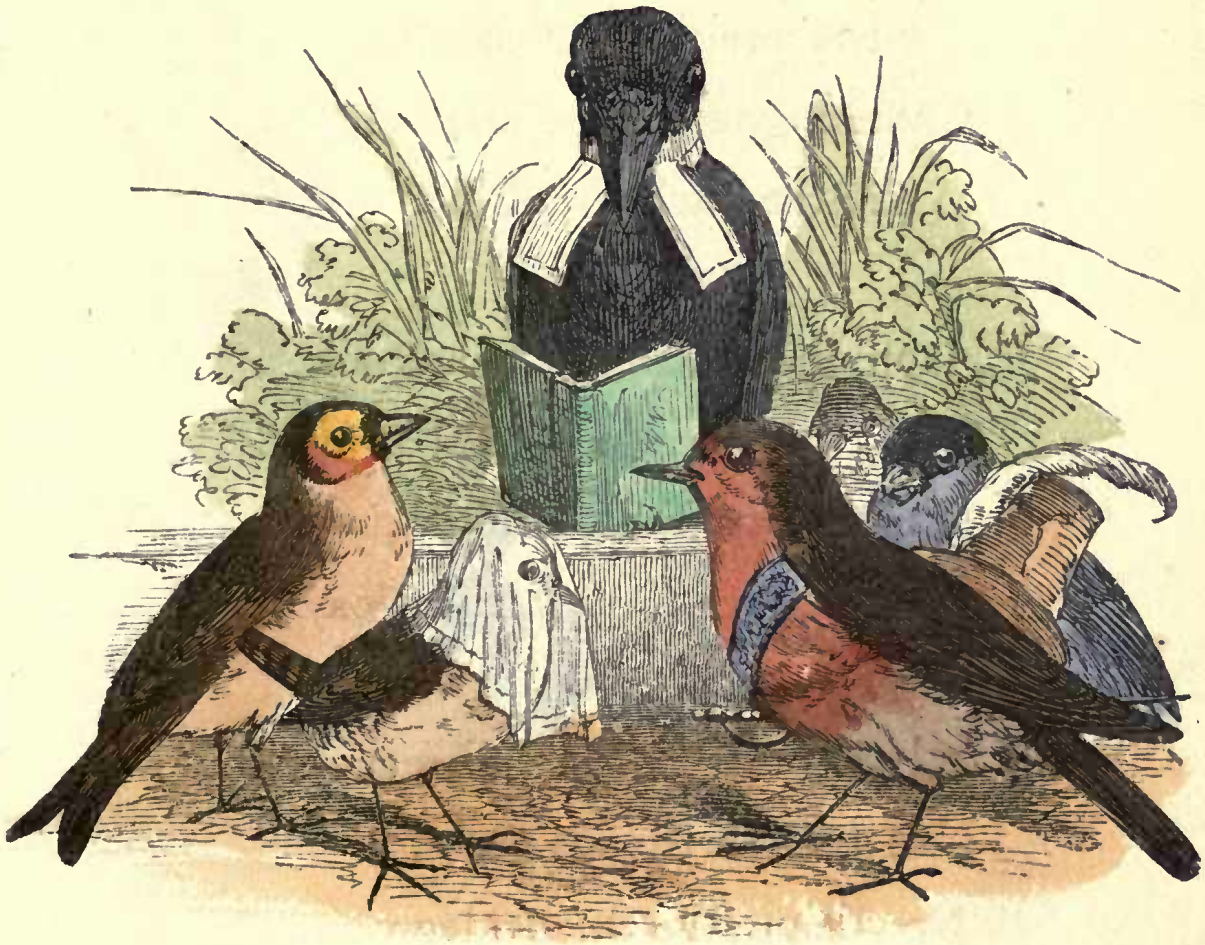
Then came the Bride and Bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dress'd,
And blush'd so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheer'd her up;
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married,
And happy we shall be."

"Oh, then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:

Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside:
Now happy be the Bridegroom,
And happy be the Bride!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."



" And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
" Yes, I will," says Jenny,
" And love him heartily."

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says Parson Rook:
While the Lark aloud did sing,

"Happy be the Bridegroom,
And happy be the Bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were ask'd to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry-pie,
Besides some currant-wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood,
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happen'd to think.

They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair,
Cock Robin the Bridegroom,
And Jenny the fair.

The dinner things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.

The concert it was fine;
And every bird tried
Who best should sing for Robin,
And Jenny Wren the Bride.

When in came the Cuckoo,
And made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pull'd her about.

Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright;

For the Cuckoo he miss'd,
But Cock Robin he kill'd!—
And all the birds mourn'd
That his blood was so spill'd.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE DOLEFUL HISTORY

OF THE

DEATH AND BURIAL

OF

POOR COCK ROBIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.

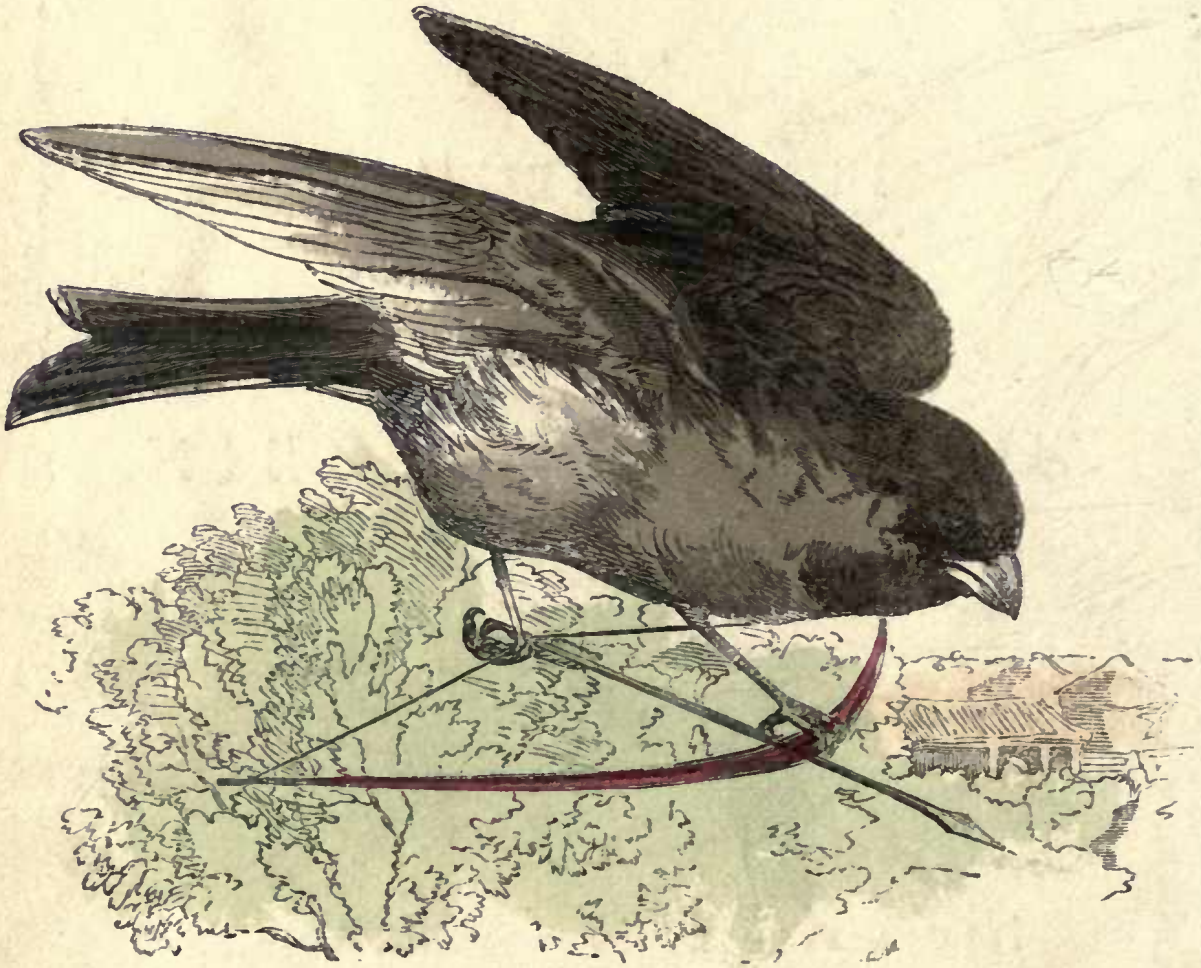
Macquoid. del. Tibolton.

VIII

THE

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock Robin.



Here is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

Here is the little Fly
Who saw Cock Robin die.

Who caught his blood ?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood.

Here is the Fish,
Holding the dish.

Who'll make his shroud ?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I'll make his shroud.

Here is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.

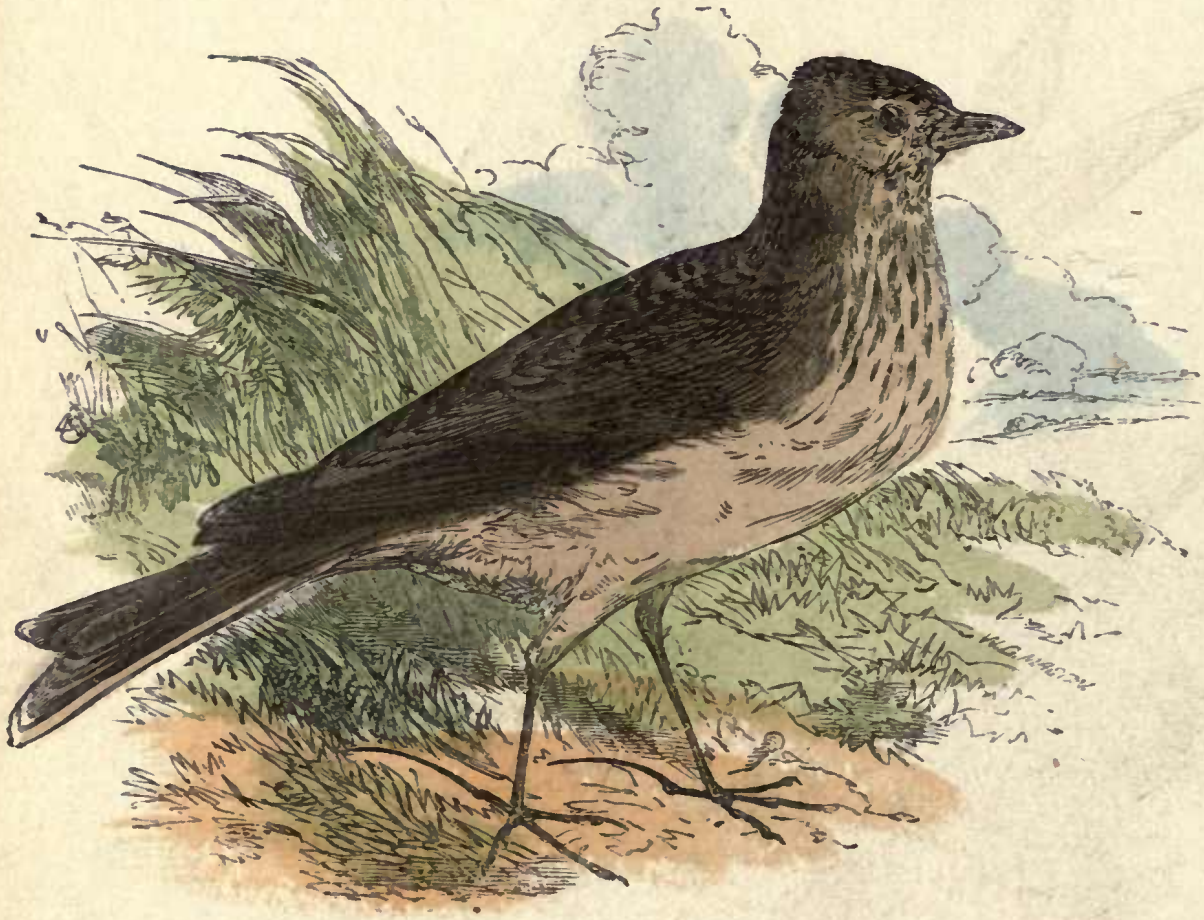
Who'll dig his grave ?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and showl,
And I'll dig his grave.

Here is the Owl,
With his little showl.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

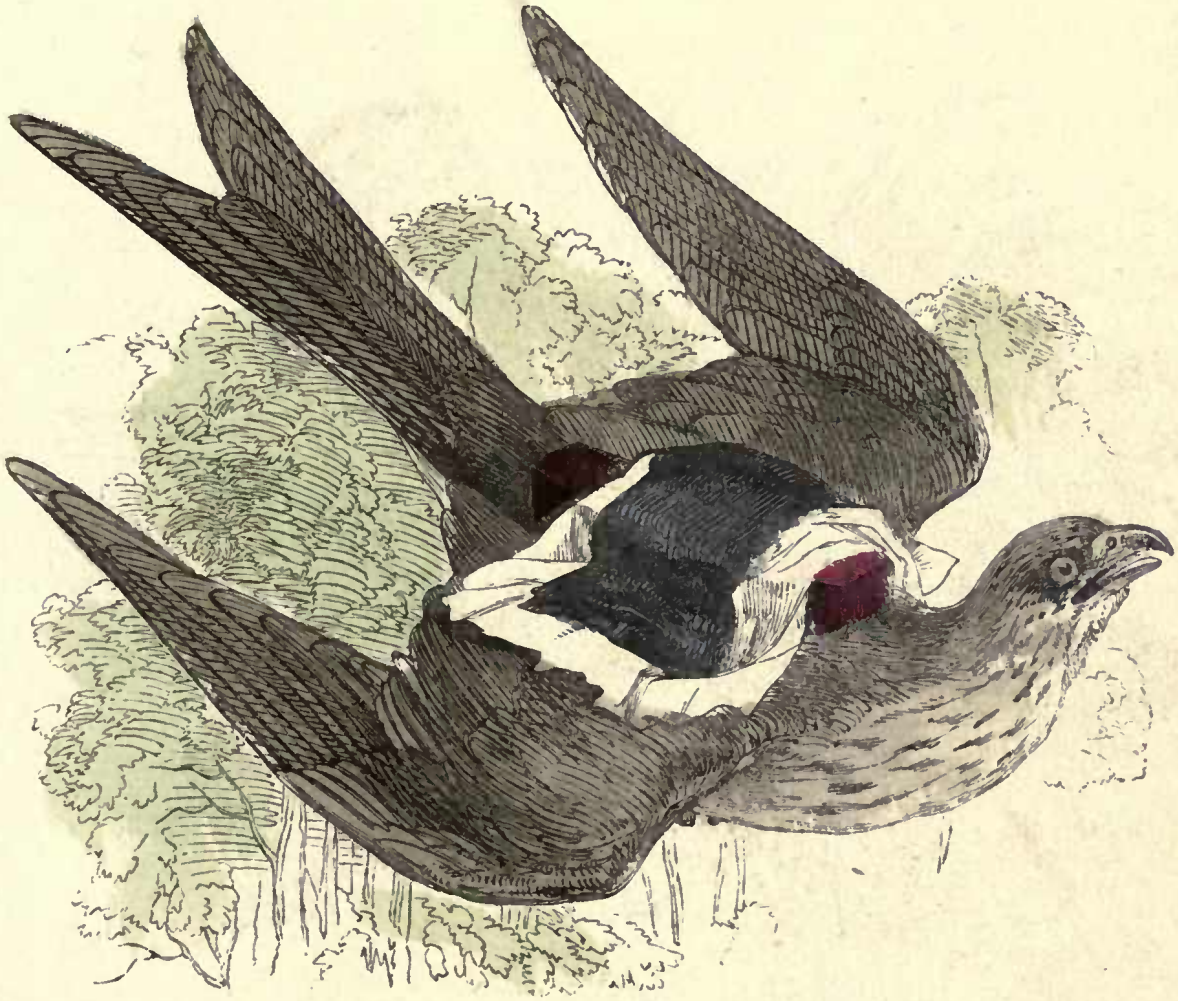
Here is the Rook,
Reading his book.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk.



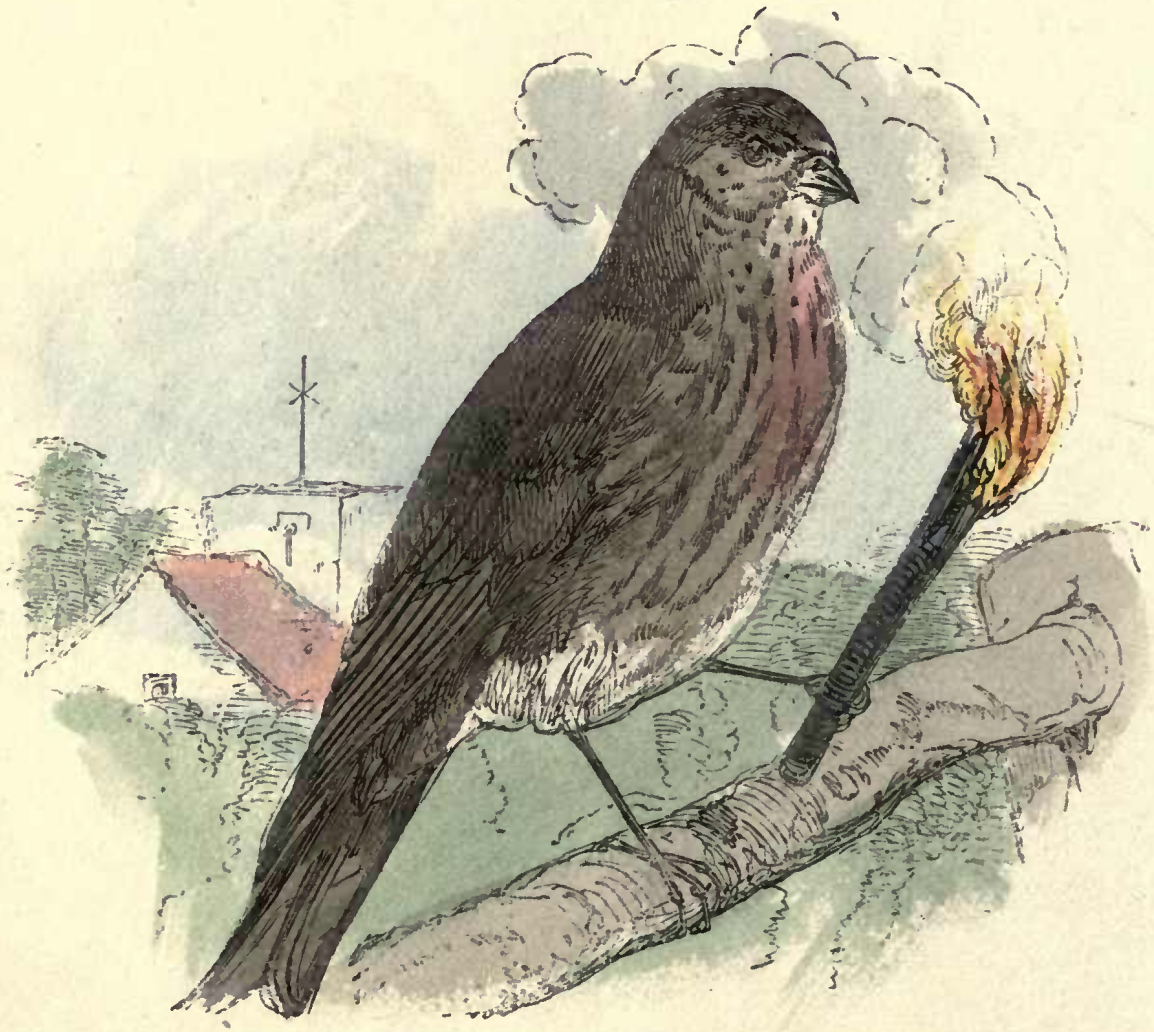
Here is the Lark,
Saying "Amen" like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.



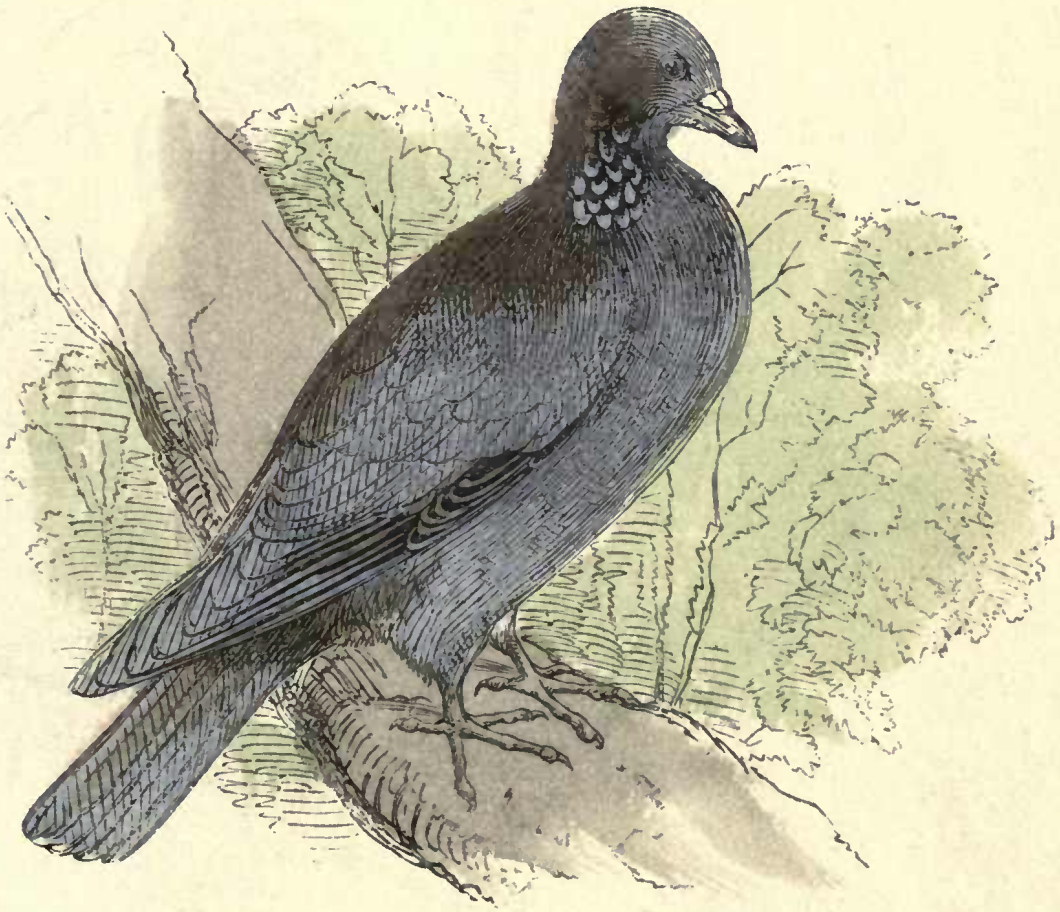
Here is the Kite,
In the air in full flight.

Who'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link.



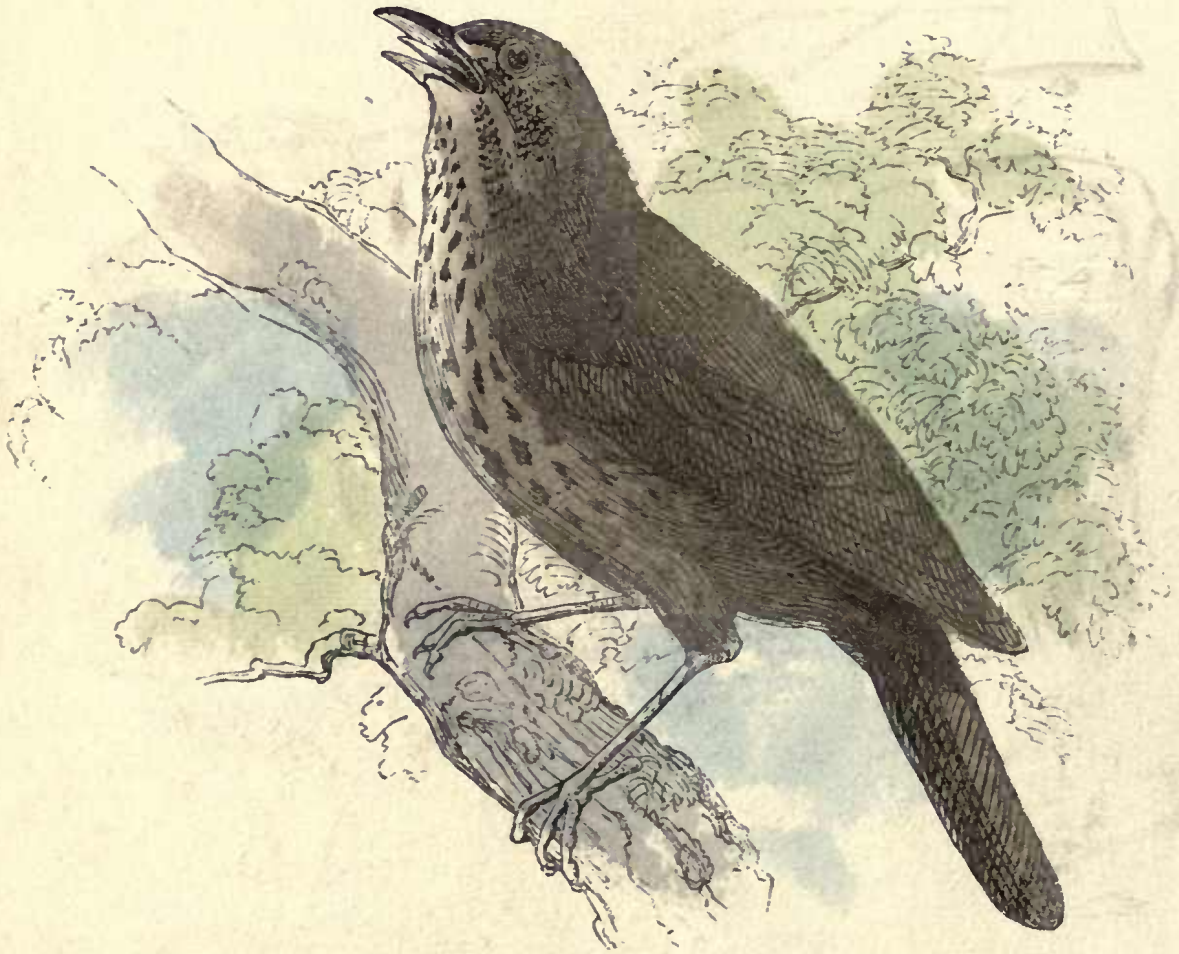
Here is the Linnet,
With a link with fire in it.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner.



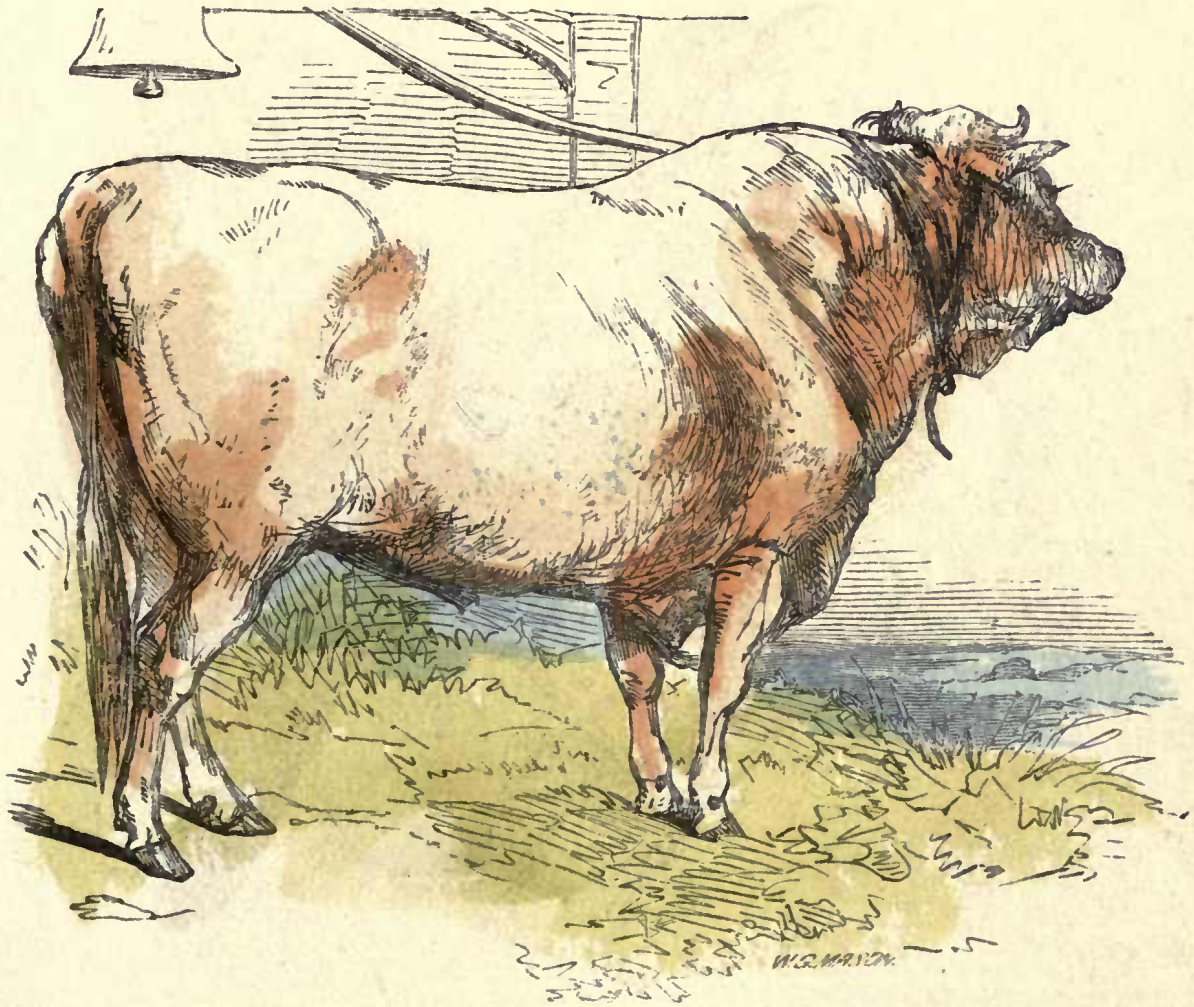
Here is the Dove,
Who Cock Robin did love.

Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.



Here is the Thrush,
Singing psalms from the bush.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell!



Here is the great Bull
Who the bell-rope did pull.

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbin,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

ALAS! POOR COCK ROBIN!

MAJA'S ALPHABET.

A is for Ann, who is milking a cow.
B is for Benjamin, making a bow.
C is for Charlotte, gathering flowers.
D is for Dick, who is one of the mowers.
E 's for Eliza, feeding a hen.
F is for Frank, who is mending his pen.
G 's Georgiana, shooting an arrow.
H is for Harry, wheeling a barrow.
I 's Isabella, gathering fruit.
J is for John, who is playing the flute.
K is for Kate, who is nursing her dolly.
L is for Lawrence, feeding Poor Polly.
M is for Maja, learning to draw.
N is for Nicholas, with a jackdaw.
O 's for Octavius, riding a goat.
P 's for Penelope, sailing a boat.
Q is for Quintus, armed with a lance.
R is for Rachel, learning to dance.

S is for Sarah, talking to cook.
T is for Thomas, reading a book.
U is for Urban, rolling the green.
V 's named Victoria, after our Queen.
W 's for Walter, flying a kite.
X is for Xerxes, a boy of great might.
Y 's for Miss Youthful, eating her bread.
Z 's Zachariah, a-going to bed.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE VERITABLE HISTORY

OF

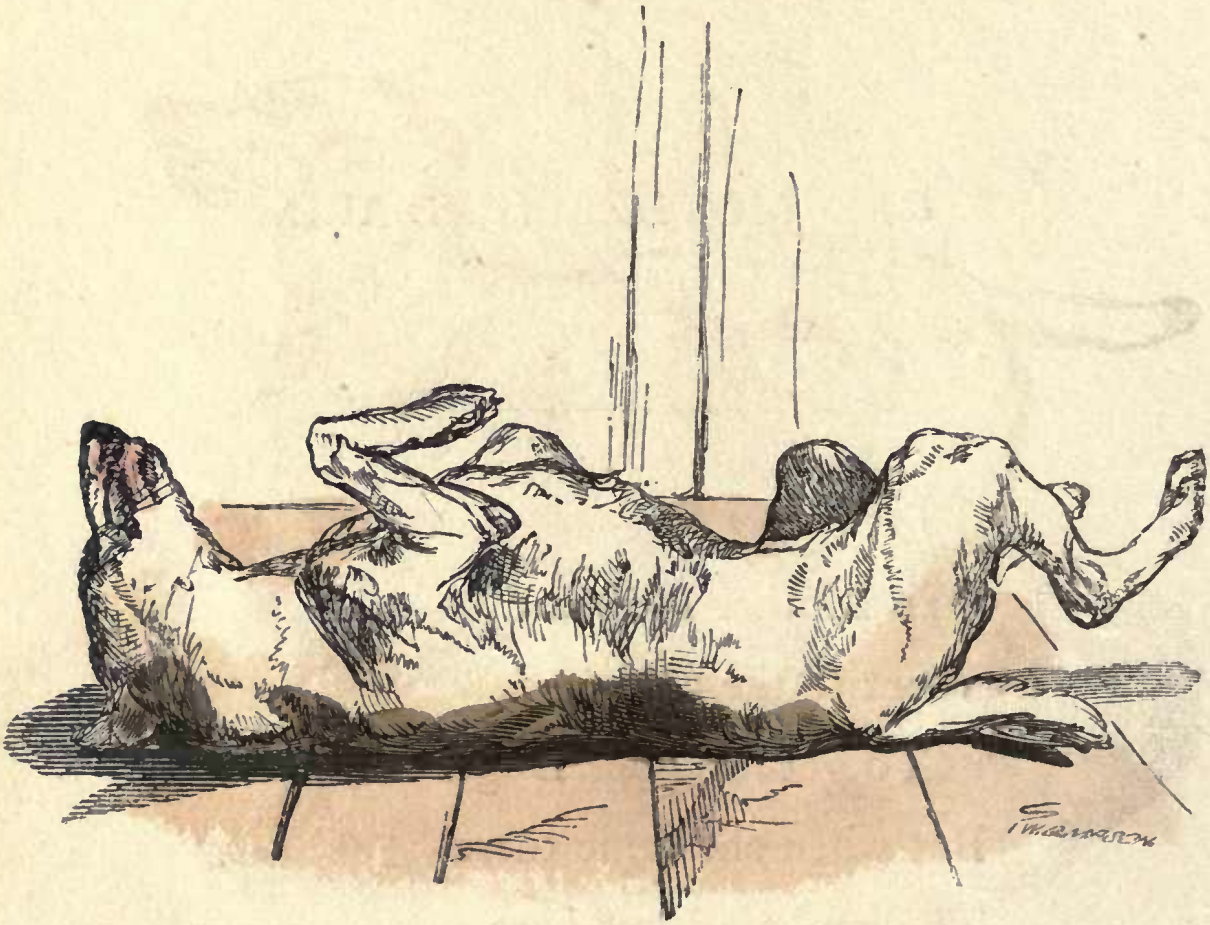
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.

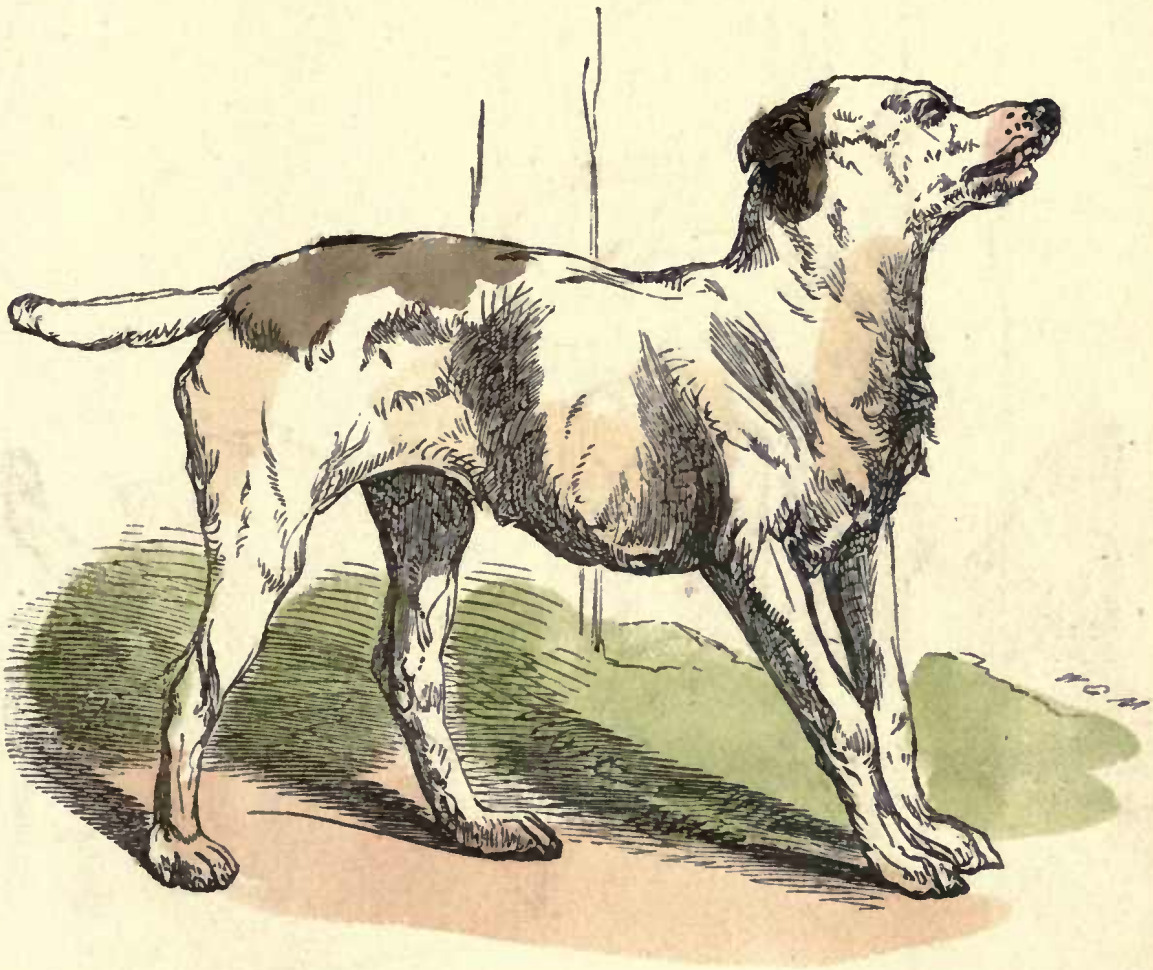
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

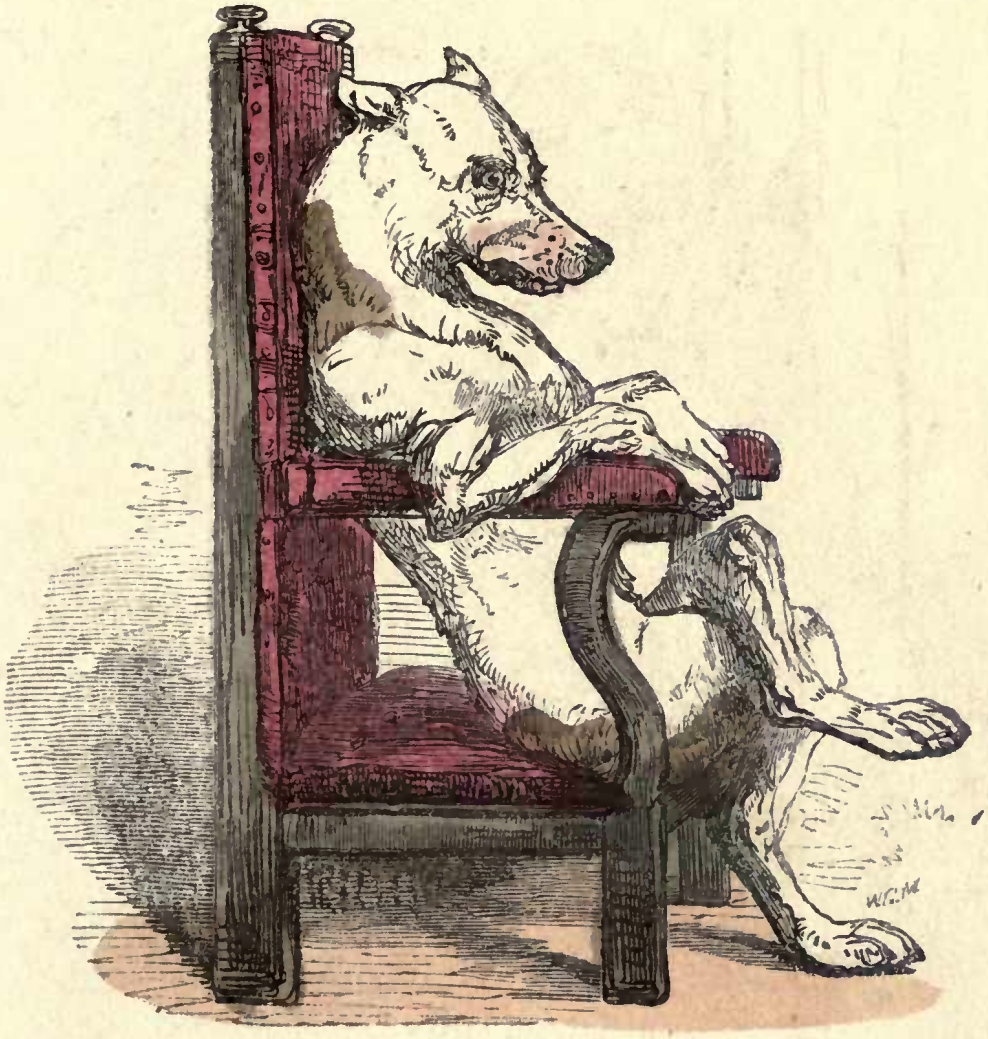


She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was dead.



She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.



She went to the ale-house
To get him some Beer,
But when she came back
The Dog sat in a chair.

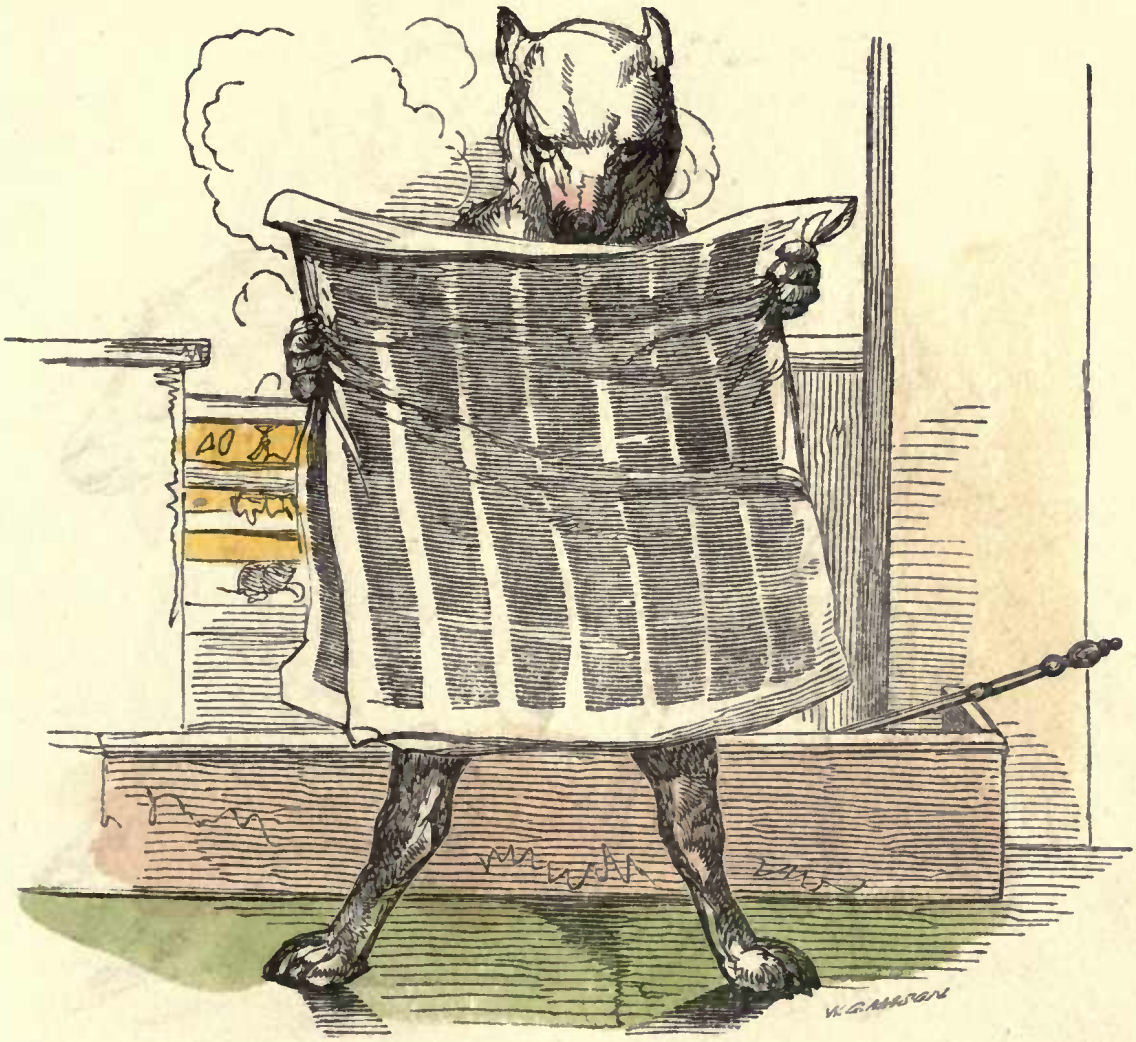
She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the Cat.

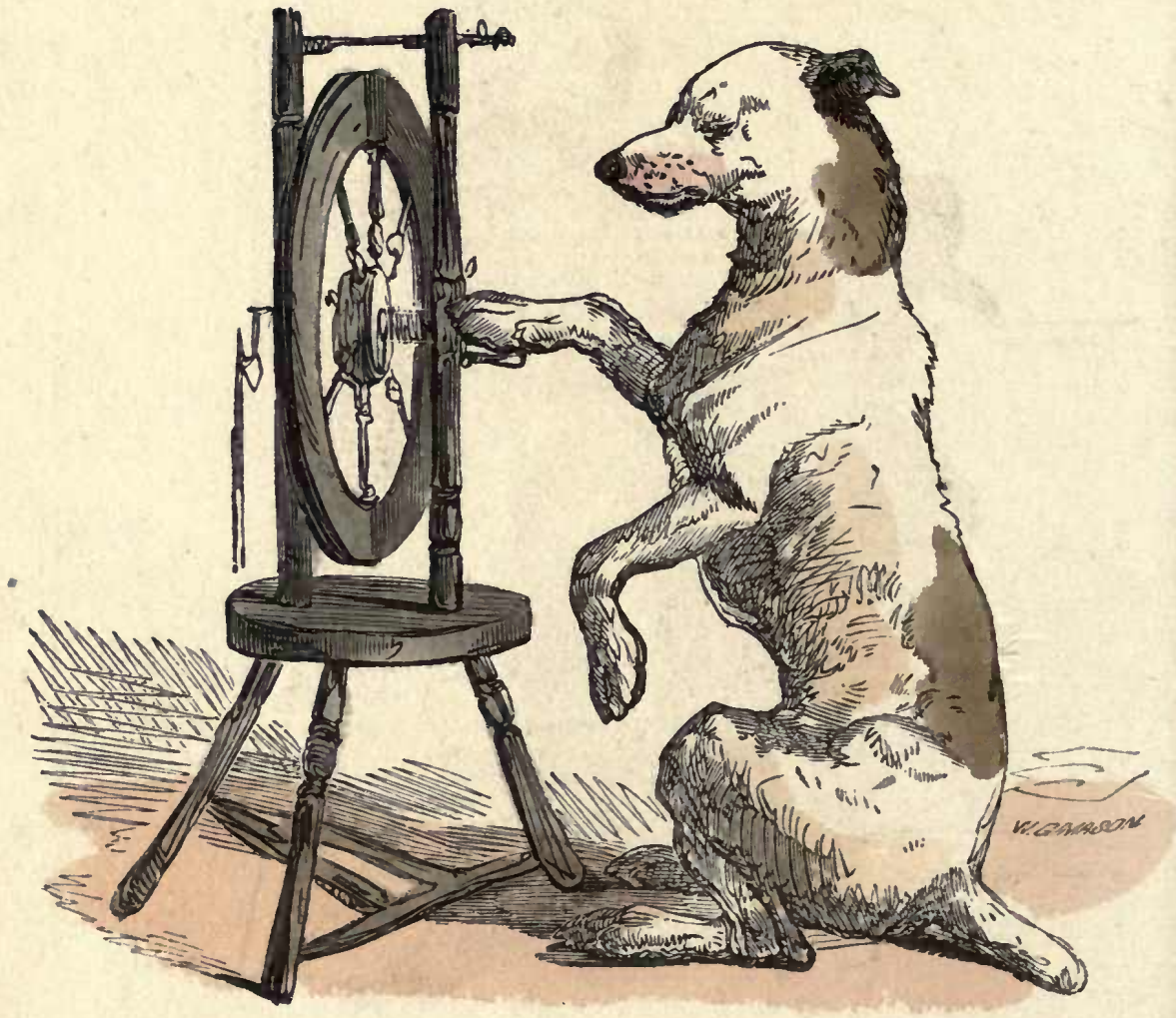
She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a Goat.



She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.



She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The Dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The Dame made a curtsey, the Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant," the Dog said, "Bow, wow."

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE

AMUSING HISTORY

OF

THE OLD WOMAN

AND

HER PIG.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.

Acquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

X

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

ONCE upon a time an old Dame was sweeping out

her cottage, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence. The good Dame sat down to think what she should do with such a good piece of luck, for you must know that in days gone by a silver sixpence was worth much more than it is now-a-days; and first of all she thought she would buy a fat duck, and then she thought she would buy a hen that laid eggs well, but after thinking and thinking for a long, long time, she thought she would buy a pig! So the old Dame put up her broom in the closet, and then got out her best high-heeled shoes, and her best cap, and her steeple-crowned hat, and made herself very smart, and then taking her good old stick, the old Dame set out for the market-town close by.

The way to the town was through green lanes and across large meadows, and as the old Dame clambered over the stile at the end of the meadow, she sat on the top to rest herself and to think again on her good luck. Then she went on again till she came to the town, and she went straight to the market-place, and there she found a boy with a nice white pig to sell; so, after a

little bargaining, she gave the boy the silver sixpence for the white pig, and then she tied a piece of string to one of the pig's hind legs, and began to drive him home.

Piggy went through the streets very well, only grunting sometimes and running into the gutter when he saw anything he could eat, until at last they came to the stile into the meadow. The old Dame tried to lift the pig over the lower bar of the stile, but he squeaked, and grunted, and wriggled about till the old Dame was quite tired, and then piggy laid down and would not stir. Just then a little dog came trotting up, so the old Dame said to him,—

"Good dog, bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

So the old Dame held up her stick and said,—

"Good stick, beat dog; dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

So the old Dame gathered some bits of wood together, and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said,—

"Good fire, burn stick; stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

So the old Dame fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said,—

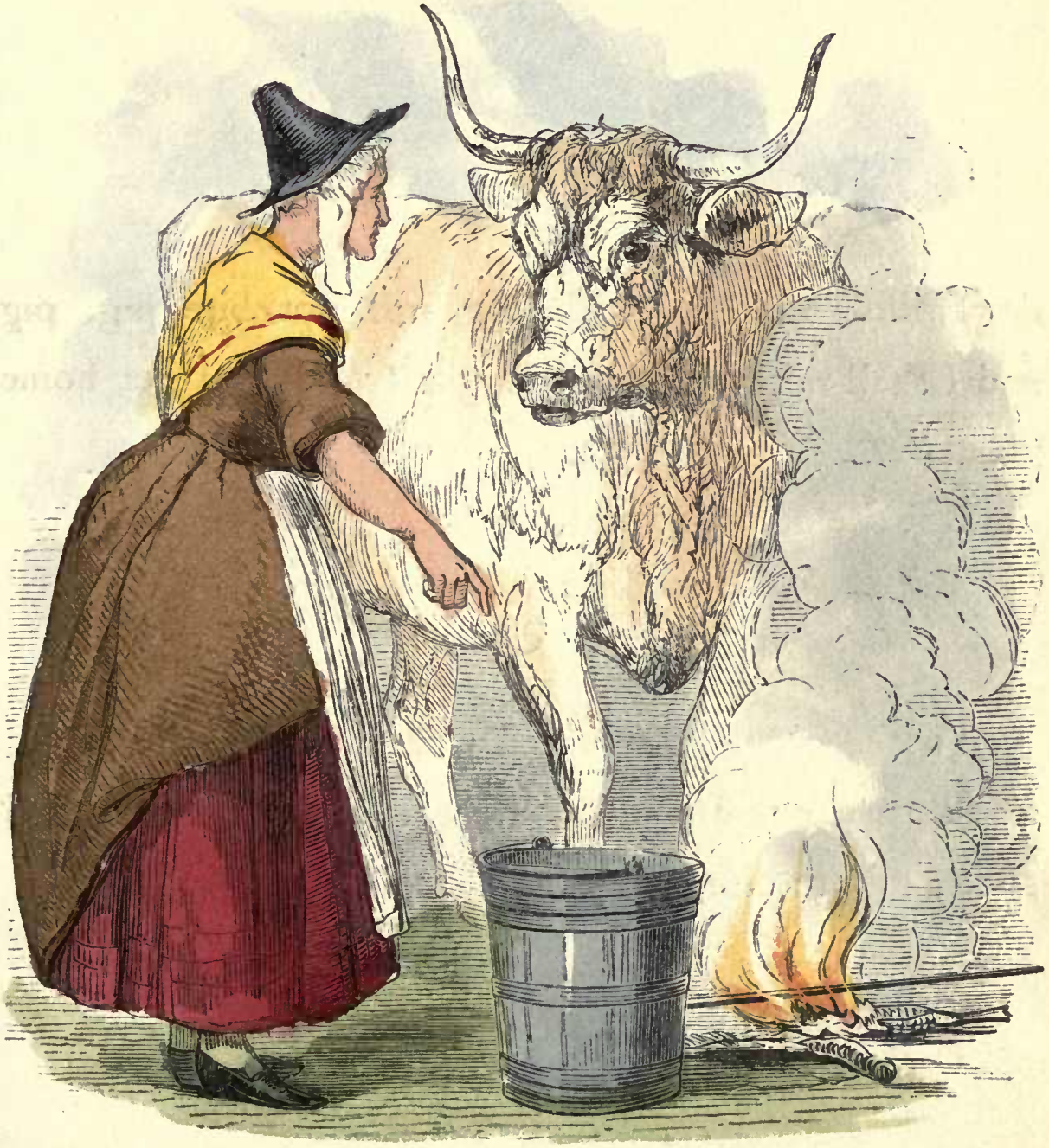
"Good water, quench fire; fire will not burn stick,

stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the water would not.

So the old Dame turned round in a passion, and then she saw an ox coming; so she said,—

"Good ox, drink water; water will not quench



fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog,

dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

So the old Dame turned round to the stile again, and then she saw a jolly butcher leaning on the stile; so she said to him,—

"Good butcher, kill ox; ox will not drink water,

water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

So the old Dame took a rope out of her pocket, and said,—

Good rope, hang butcher; butcher will not kill ox, ox will not drink water, water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

So the old Dame was in despair; but just then a large brown mouse ran across the meadow, and she said,—

"Good mouse, gnaw rope; rope will not hang

butcher, butcher will not kill ox, ox will not drink water, water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

"Yes," said the mouse, "I will, if you will give me some cheese."

So the old Dame put her hand in her pocket and brought out a nice piece of cheese, and gave it to the mouse; and when he had nibbled at it, then—

The mouse began to gnaw the rope, the rope began

to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig,—the pig he rushed right through the stile.

And so the old Dame got home that night
In time to boil her dump-lings.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

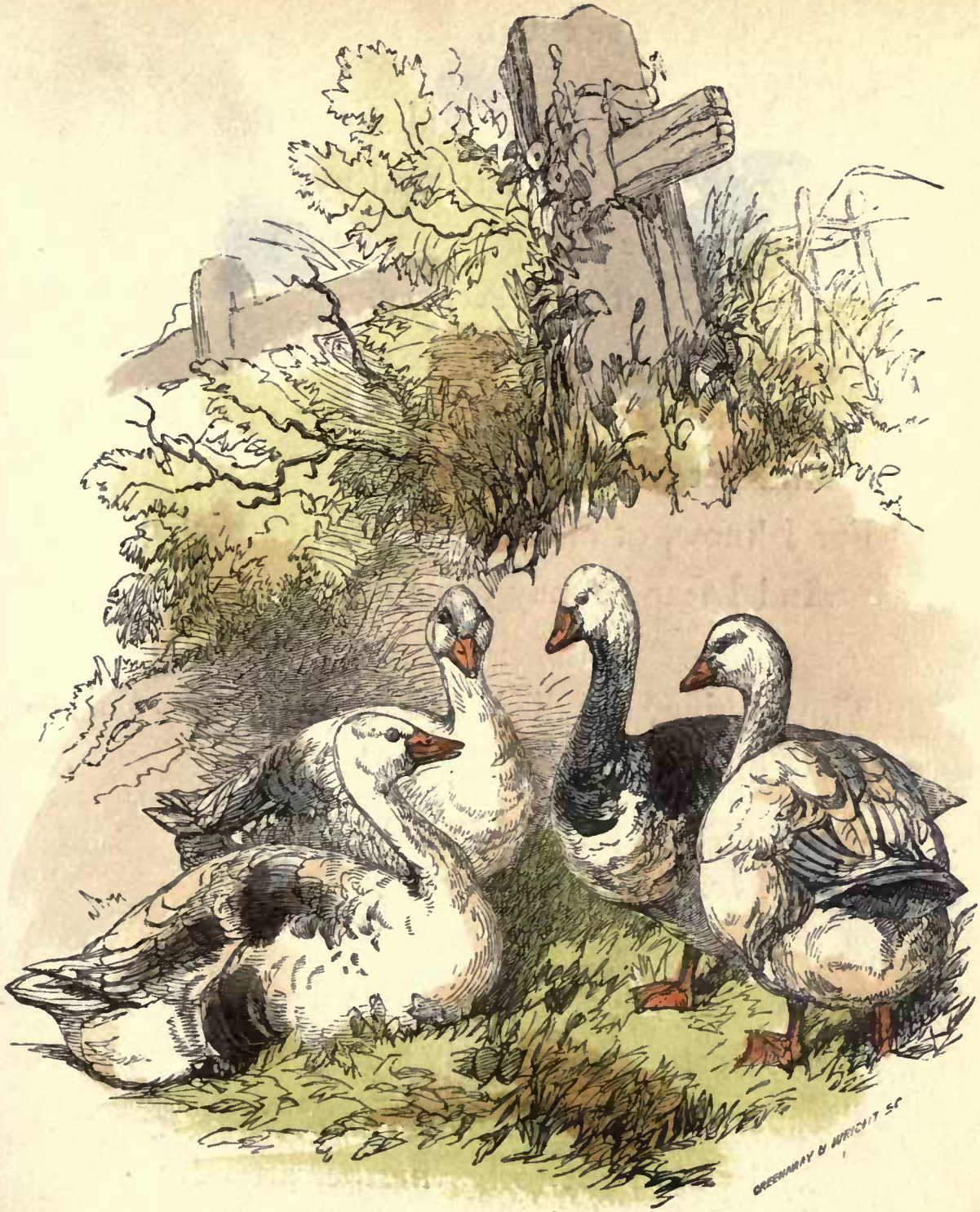
THE ANTIENT NURSERY TALE

OF

THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.

MACQUOID. del. T. BOLTON.



THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

THERE was once a Goose at the point of death,
So she called her three daughters near,
And desired them all, with her latest breath,
Her last dying words to hear.

"There's a Mr. Fox," said she, "that I know,
Who lives in a covert hard by,
To our race he has proved a deadly foe,
So beware of his treachery.

"Build houses, ere long, of stone or of bricks,
And get tiles for your roofs, I pray;
For I know, of old, Mr. Reynard's tricks,
And I fear he may come any day."

Thus saying, she died, and her daughters fair,—
Gobble, Goosey, and Ganderee,—
Agreed together, that they would beware
Of Mr. Fox, their enemy.

But Gobble, the youngest, I grieve to say,
Soon came to a very bad end,
Because she preferred her own silly way,
And would not to her mother attend.

For she made, with some boards, an open nest,
For a roof took the lid of a box;
Then quietly laid herself down to rest,
And thought she was safe from the Fox.

But Reynard, in taking an evening run,
Soon scented the goose near the pond;

Thought he, "Now I'll have some supper and fun,
For of both I am really fond."

Then on to the box he sprang in a trice,
And roused Mrs. Gobble from bed;
She only had time to hiss once or twice
Ere he snapped off her lily-white head.

Her sisters at home felt anxious and low
When poor Gobble did not appear,
And Goosey, determined her fate to know,
Went and sought all the field far and near.

At last she descried poor Gobble's head,
And some feathers not far apart,
So she told Ganderee she had found her dead,
And they both felt quite sad at heart.

Now Goosey was pretty, but liked her own way,
Like Gobble, and some other birds.
"'Tis no matter," said she, "if I only obey
A part of my mother's last words."

So her house she soon built of nice red brick,
 But she only thatched it with straw;

And she thought that, however the fox might kick,
He could not get e'en a paw.

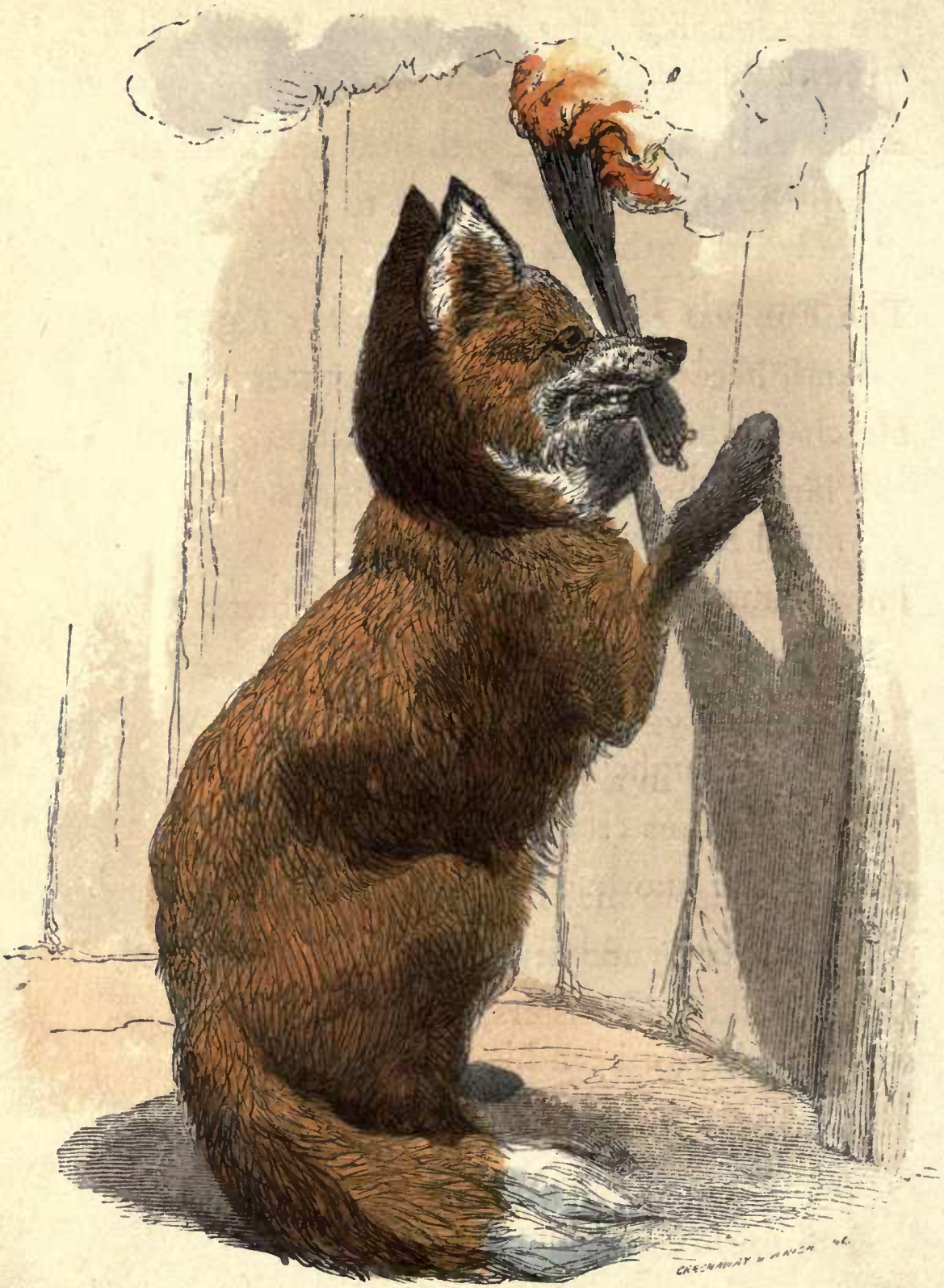
So she went to sleep, and at dead of night
She heard at the door a low scratch;
And presently Reynard, with all his might,
Attempted to jump on the thatch.

But he tumbled back, and against the wall
Grazed his nose in a fearful way,
Then, almost mad with the pain of his fall,
He barked, and ran slowly away.

So Goosey laughed, and felt quite o'erjoyed
To have thus escaped from all harm;
But had she known how the Fox was employed,
She would have felt dreadful alarm;

For Gobble had been his last dainty meat,
So hungry he really did feel,—
And resolved in his mind to accomplish this feat,
And have the young goose for a meal.

So he slyly lighted a bundle of straws,
And made no more noise than a mouse,



Then lifted himself up on his hind paws,
And quickly set fire to the house.

'Twas soon in a blaze, and Goosey awoke,
With fright almost ready to die,
And, nearly smothered with heat and with smoke,
Up the chimney was forced to fly.

The Fox was rejoiced to witness her flight,
And, heedless of all her sad groans,
He chased her until he saw her alight,
Then eat her up all but her bones.

Poor Ganderee's heart was ready to break
When the sad news reached her ear.
"'Twas that villain the Fox," said good Mr. Drake,
Who lived in a pond very near.

"Now listen to me, I pray you," he said,
"And roof your new house with some tiles,
Or you, like your sisters, will soon be dead,—
A prey to your enemy's wiles."

So she took the advice of her mother and friend,
And made her house very secure,
Then she said,—"Now, whatever may be my end,
The Fox cannot catch me, I'm sure."

He called at her door the very next day,
And loudly and long did he knock,
But she said to him,—"Leave my house, I pray,
For the door I will not unlock;

"For you've killed my sisters I know full well,
And you wish that I too were dead."
"Oh dear," said the Fox, "I can't really tell
Who put such a thought in your head:

"For I've always liked geese more than other birds,
And you of your race I've loved best."
But the Goose ne'er heeded his flattering words,
So hungry he went to his rest.

Next week she beheld him again appear,
"Let me in very quick," he cried,
"For the news I've to tell you'll be charmed to hear,
And 'tis rude to keep me outside."

But the Goose only opened one window-pane,
And popped out her pretty red bill,
Said she, "Your fair words are all in vain,
But talk to me here if you will."

"To-morrow," he cried, "there will be a fair,
All the birds and the beasts will go;
So allow me, I pray, to escort you there,
For you will be quite charmed I know."

"Many thanks for your news," said Ganderee,
"But I had rather not go with you;
I care not for any gay sight to see,"—
So the window she closed, and withdrew.

In the morning, howe'er, her mind she changed,
And she thought she would go to the fair;
So her numerous feathers she nicely arranged,
And cleaned her red bill with much care.

She went, I believe, before it was light,
For of Reynard she felt much fear;
So quickly she thought she would see each sight,
And return ere he should appear.

When the Goose arrived she began to laugh
At the wondrous creatures she saw;
There were dancing bears, and a tall giraffe,
And a beautiful red macaw.

A monkey was weighing out apples and roots;
An ostrich, too, sold by retail;
There were bees and butterflies tasting the fruits,
And a pig drinking out of a pail.

Ganderee went into an elephant's shop,
And quickly she bought a new churn;
For, as it grew late, she feared to stop,
As in safety she wished to return.

Ere, however, she got about half the way,
She saw approaching her foe;
And now she hissed with fear and dismay,
For she knew not which way to go.

But at last of a capital plan she bethought,
Of a place where she safely might hide;
She got into the churn that she had just bought,
And then fastened the lid inside.

The churn was placed on the brow of a hill,
And with Ganderee's weight down it rolled,
Passing the Fox, who stood perfectly still,
Quite alarmed, though he was very bold.

For the Goose's wings flapped strangely about,
And the noise was fearful to hear;
And so bruised she felt she was glad to get out,
When she thought that the coast was clear.

So safely she reached her own home at noon,
And the Fox ne'er saw her that day;
But after the fair he came very soon,
And cried out in a terrible way,—

"Quick, quick, let me in! oh, for once be kind,
For the huntsman's horn I hear;
Oh, hide me in any snug place you can find,
For the hunters and hounds draw near."

So the Goose looked out in order to see
Whether Reynard was only in jest;
Then, knowing that he in her power would be,
She opened the door to her guest.

"I'll hide you," she said, "in my nice new churn."
"That will do very well," said he;
"And thank you for doing me this good turn,
Most friendly and kind Ganderee."

Then into the churn the Fox quickly got;
But, ere the Goose put on the top,
A kettle she brought of water quite hot,
And poured in every drop.

Then the Fox cried out, "O! I burn, I burn,
And I feel in a pitiful plight;"
But the Goose held fast the lid of the churn,
So Reynard he died that night.

MORAL.

Mankind have an enemy whom they well know,
Who tempts them in every way ;
But they, too, at length shall o'ercome this foe,
If wisdom's right law they obey.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE STORY

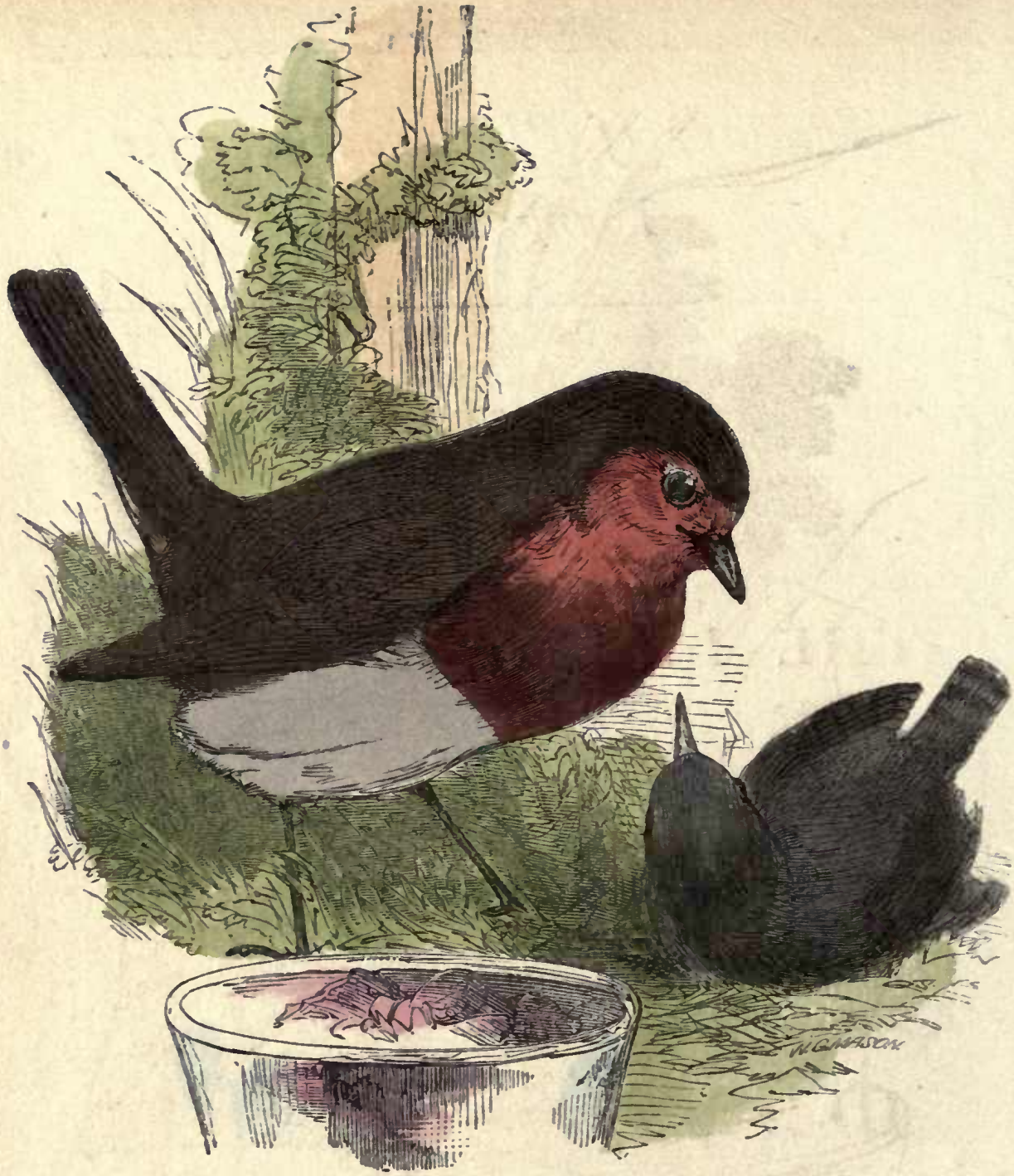
OF

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JENNY WREN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JENNY WREN.

JENNY WREN fell sick upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast, and brought her sops and wine.

"Eat well of the sop, Jenny, drink well of the wine."
"Thank you, Robin, kindly, you shall be mine."

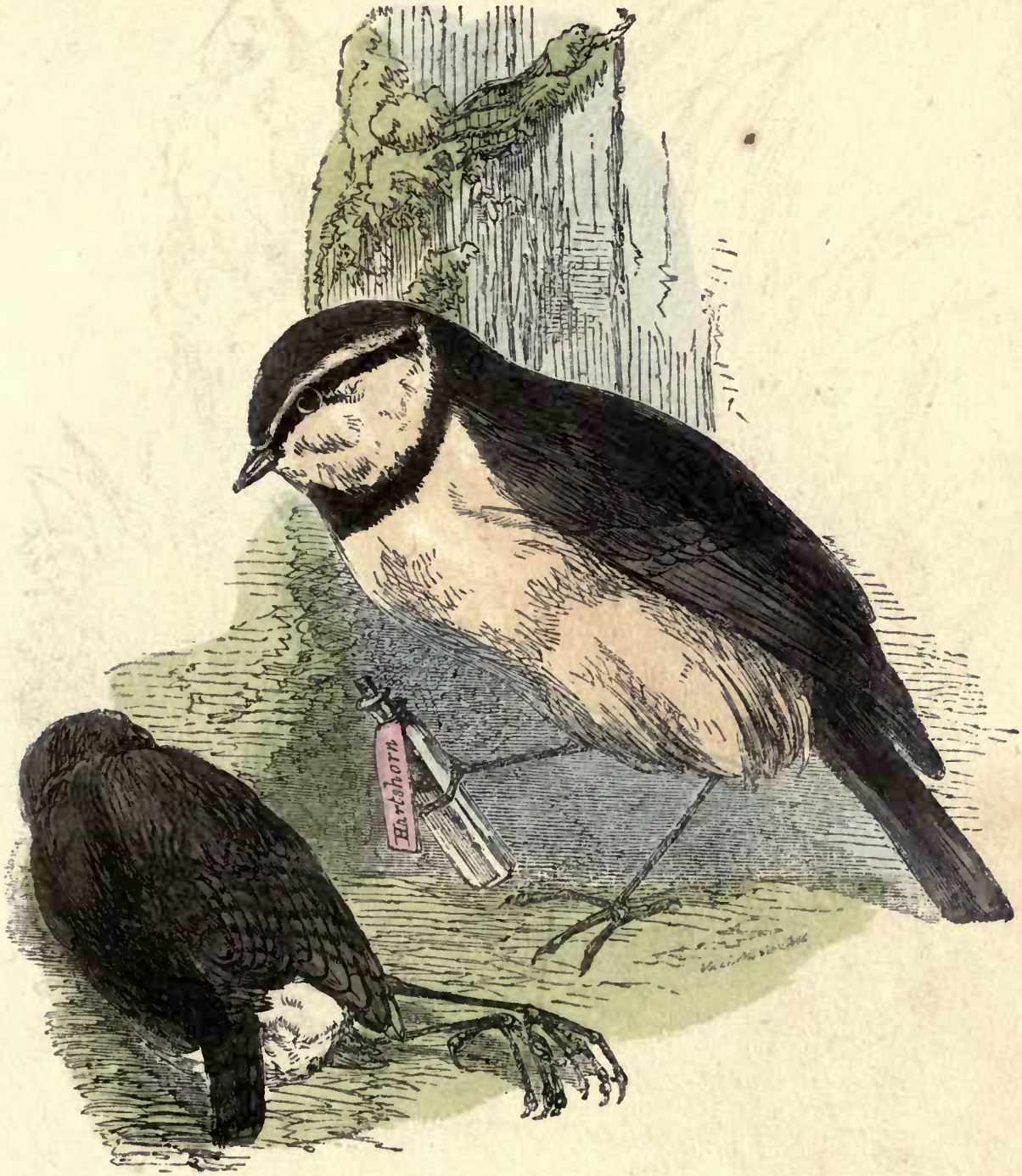
Then Jenny she got well and stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly she loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopp'd upon a twig,
Saying, "Out upon you,
Fie upon you, bold-faced jig!"

Jenny Wren fell sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die:
The doctors vow'd they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Says, "I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead."

"She'll do very well," says sly Doctor Fox,
"If she takes but one pill from out of this box."



With hartshorn in hand came Doctor Tomtit,
Saying, "Really, good sirs, it's only a fit."

" You're right, Doctor Tit,
The truth I've no doubt of;
But death is a fit
Folks seldom get out of."

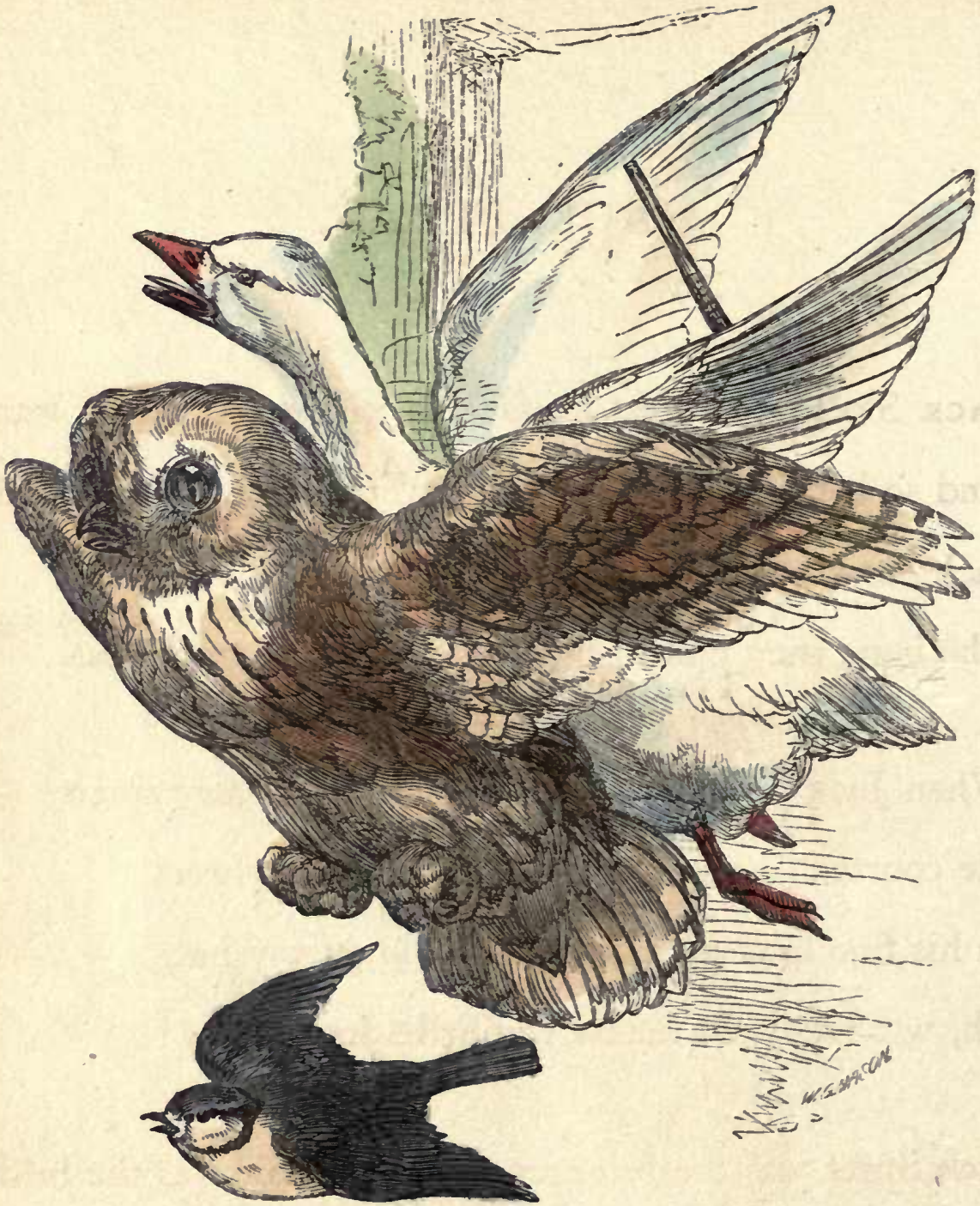
Doctor Cat says, " Indeed,
I don't think she's dead;
I believe, if I try,
She yet might be bled."

"I think, Puss, you're foolish," then says Doctor Goose;
"For to bleed a dead Wren can be of no use."

Doctor Owl then declared that the cause of her death,
He really believed, was the want of more breath.

" Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right :
You might as well have said
That day is not night."

Says Robin, " Get out !
You're a parcel of quacks ;
Or I'll lay this good stick
On each of your backs."



Then Robin began to bang them about;
They staid for no fees, but were glad to get out.
"*Good bye to you all,*" says Robin.

JACK SPRAT.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both, they licked the platter clean.
Jack eat all the lean, Joan eat all the fat,
The bone they picked clean, then gave it to the cat.

When Jack Sprat was young, he dressed very smart,
He courted Joan Cole, and he gained her heart.
In his fine leather doublet, and old greasy hat,
Oh, what a smart fellow was little Jack Sprat!

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom, Joan Cole was the bride,
Jack said, From the church, his Joan home should ride.
But no coach could take her, the lane was so narrow,
Said Jack, Then I'll take her home in a wheelbarrow.

Jack Sprat was wheeling his wife by the ditch,
The barrow turned over, and in she did pitch ;
Says Jack, She'll be drown'd, but Joan did reply,
I don't think I shall, for the ditch is quite dry.

Jack brought home his Joan, and she sat in a chair,
When in came his cat, that had got but one ear.
Says Joan, I'm come home, Puss, pray, how do you do ?
The cat wagg'd her tail, and said nothing but " mew."

Jack Sprat took his gun, and went to the brook,
He shot at the drake, but he killed the duck.
He brought it to Joan, who a fire did make
To roast the fat duck, while Jack went for the drake.

The drake was swimming with his curly tail,
Jack Sprat came to shoot him, but happened to fail ;
He let off his gun, but missing his mark,
The drake flew away, crying, " Quack, quack, quack."

Jack Sprat to live pretty, now bought him a pig,
It was not very little, it was not very big ;
It was not very lean, it was not very fat,
It will serve for a grunter for Little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market to buy her some fowls,
She bought a jackdaw and a couple of owls.
The owls they were white, the jackdaw was black,
They'll make a rare breed, says little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat bought a cow, his Joan for to please,
For Joan she could make both butter and cheese ;
Or pancakes or puddings, without any fat :
A notable housewife was little Joan Sprat.

Joan Sprat went to brewing a barrel of ale,
She put in some hops that it might not turn stale ;
But as for the malt, she forgot to put that,
This is brave sober liquor, said little Jack Sprat.

Jack Sprat went to market, and bought him a mare,
She was lame of three legs, and as blind as she could stare;
Her ribs they were bare for the mare had no fat,
She looks like a racer, says little Jack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad, Puss took care of the house,
She caught a large rat and a very small mouse :
She caught a small mouse, and a very large rat ;
You're an excellent hunter, says little Jack Sprat.

Now I have told you the story of little Jack Sprat,
And little Joan Cole, and the poor one-ear'd cat.
Now Jack loved Joan, and good things he taught her,
Then she gave him a son, then after a daughter.

Now Jack has got rich and has plenty of pelf ;
If you know any more, you may tell it yourself.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL

AND

THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL
AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST
W. MEASOM

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

Come, take up your hats,
And away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball
And the Grasshopper's feast;

The trumpeter Gadfly
Has summon'd the crew,

And the revels are now
Only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass,
By the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak
That for ages has stood,

See the children of earth,
And the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement
Together repair.

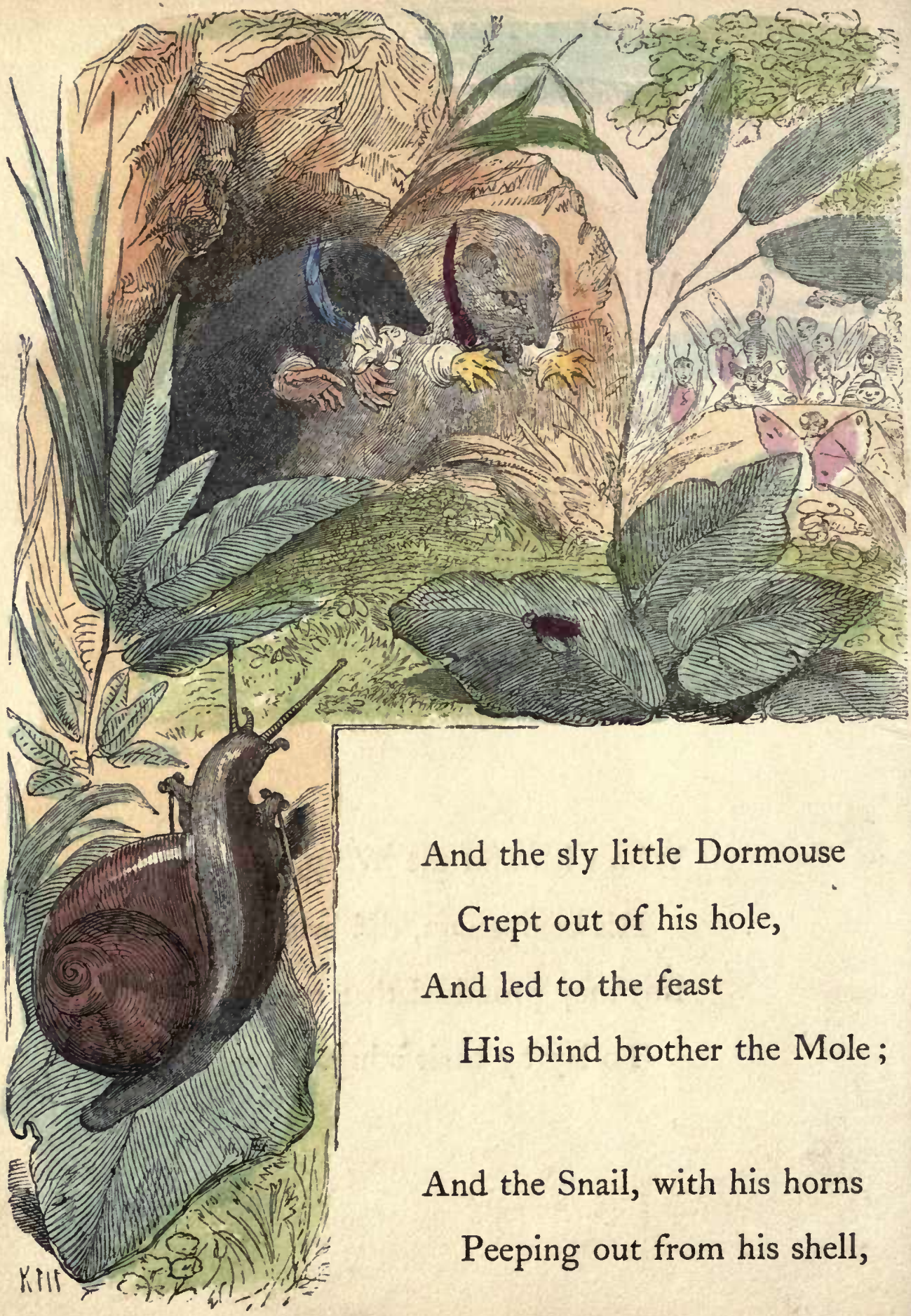
And there came the Beetle,
So blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet,
His friend, on his back;

And there was the Gnat,
And the Dragon-fly too,

With all their relations,
Green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth
In his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket
Of yellow and brown,

Who with him the Wasp,
His companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening
To lay by their sting.



And the sly little Dormouse
Crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast
His blind brother the Mole;

And the Snail, with his horns
Peeping out from his shell,

Came from a great distance,
The length of an ell.

A mushroom their table,
And on it was laid
A water-dock leaf,
Which a table-cloth made ;

The viands were various,
To each of their taste ;
And the Bee brought his honey
To crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches,
So solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner
Look'd up to the skies;

And the Squirrel, well pleased
Such diversion to see,

Sat cracking his nuts
Over-head in a tree.

Then out came the Spider,
With fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity
On the tight line;

From one branch to another
His cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow
He darted along.

But just in the middle,
Oh! shocking to tell!
From his rope in an instant
Poor Harlequin fell;

Yet he touch'd not the ground,
But with talons outspread,

Hung suspended in air
At the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came
With a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg,
Though but short was his wing;

He took but three leaps,
And was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises
The rest of the night.

With step so majestic,
The Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers
A minuet to dance;

But they all laugh'd so loud
That he pull'd in his head,

And went in his own
Little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way
To the shadows of night,
The watchman, the Glow-worm,
Came out with his light:

Then home let us hasten
While yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting
For you and for me.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE

COURTSHIP AND WEDDING

OF

THE LITTLE MAN

AND THE

LITTLE MAID.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE MAID.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little mind
For to ask a little maid for to wed, wed, wed.

He hover'd near her door,
As he counted out his ore,
Dressed in his coat of red, red, red.

When the little maid came out,
He turned him about,
And begg'd she should look at him, him, him:

With his little heart so bold,
In his scarlet coat, and gold,
And all his other clothes in trim, trim, trim.

The little maid look'd mild,
And I think I've heard she smiled,
As she told him to call to-morrow, morrow, morrow.

The delay near broke his heart;
So great he felt the smart,
That he went to his home in sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

And when he got there,
He sat him in a chair,
And sadly began for to think, think, think,

Of what he should say
On the very next day,
For, alas! his little heart did sink, sink, sink.

For his offers, though sincere,
'Twas to him very clear,
Were but little to induce her to wed, wed, wed;

The thought was so severe,
That he shed many a tear,
As he laid himself down on his bed, bed, bed.

When the dawn began to peep,
He awoke from his sleep,
And ran to the door of his dove, dove, dove;

Said he, "I'm all on fire,
And afraid I shall expire,
If you do not come, my love, love, love."

She awoke from her nap, and in her night-cap
She spoke from the window in haste, haste, haste,

"Will your flames assist a little
To boil water in the kittle,
That some breakfast I may chance for to taste, taste,
taste?"

Then the little man he sat,
A-twirling of his hat,
On the upper step of the door, door, door.

She was really such a time
That he thought he must resign
All hope of ever seeing her more, more, more.

At length she came to him, and said, "Little sir, walk in,
And we'll talk this little matter o'er, o'er, o'er.

If I consent to be your bride,
Pray, how will you provide
For the things that I shall want by the score, score,
score?"

Then the little man replied,
"I have little else beside
But love that I can offer to you, you, you.

But be not afraid;
For the little that I have
Shall be yours, with a heart that is true, true, true."

Then the little maid him eyed
Until he almost cried,
So searching and so piercing was her look, look, look.

With a smile his sorrow cures;
At length she says, "I'm yours;
Go and bid the parson bring his book, book, book."

"I am come, sir, now
(Making a very low bow),
That I may acquaint you with the news, news, news:

I have taken it in my pate
To choose a loving mate,
So pray, Mr. Parson, do not muse, muse, muse."

He was going to say more,
When a rap at the door
Made them both for to jump with a start, start, start.

"'Tis," said he, "a friend of mine,
Come to ask me to dine
On turkey, and chine, and on tart, tart, tart."

"What are turkey and chine
To love so hot as mine!"
Said the loving little man, as he sigh'd, sigh'd, sigh'd:

" Pray, think no more on it ;
Love has got on her bonnet,
All ready to be my bride, bride, bride."

To the little man and maid
The parson no more said,
But to church with them quickly went, went, went.

And in presence of some
He soon made them one,
And happy to their home them sent, sent, sent.

To the little man's great joy,
She soon had a little boy,
Which made the little man quite glad, glad, glad.

And 'twas the mother's pleasure
To nurse her little treasure,
Which such rapture did impart to his dad, dad, dad.

Now every thing was smiling,
There was nothing like reviling,
While cheerful plenty crowned their labours, labours, labours.

The little man with joy
Would take his little boy,
And shew him all around to his neighbours, neighbours, neighbours.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE STORY

OF

THE THREE BEARS.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Illustrated by John Absolon and Harrison Weir.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and

one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the door, and

went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home,

and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came her's, plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went upstairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she laid down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And

next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then

she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear, looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"*Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!*"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little,

Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sate the bottom of it out!*"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went upstairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Silver-hair had

pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear, came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she

started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one

side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

END OF THE STORY

OF THE THREE

BEARS.

THE

BEAR AND THE CHILDREN.

I WILL tell you a circumstance which occurred a year ago, in a country town in the south of Germany. The master of a dancing Bear was sitting in the tap-room of an inn, eating his supper; whilst the Bear, poor harmless beast! was tied up behind the wood-stack in the yard.

In the room upstairs three little children were playing about. Tramp, tramp! was suddenly heard on the stairs; who could it be? The door flew open, and enter — the Bear, the huge shaggy beast, with his clanking chain! Tired of standing so long in the yard alone, Bruin had at length found his way to the stair-case. At first the little children were in a terrible fright at this unexpected visit, and each ran into a corner to hide himself. But the Bear found them all out, and

put his muzzle, snuffling, up to them, but did not harm them in the least. He must be a big dog, thought the children; and they began to stroke him familiarly. The bear stretched himself out at his full length upon the floor, and the youngest boy rolled over him, and nestled his curly head in the shaggy black fur of the beast. Then the eldest boy went and fetched his drum, and thumped away on it with might and main; whereupon the Bear stood erect upon his hind-legs, and began to dance. What glorious fun! Each boy shouldered his musket: the Bear must of course have one too; and he held it tight and firm, like any soldier. There's a comrade for you, my lads! and away they marched—one,—two—one,—two!

The door suddenly opened, and the children's mother entered. You should have seen her—speechless with terror, her cheeks white as a sheet, and her eyes fixed with horror. But the youngest boy nodded with a look of intense delight, and cried, "Mamma, we are only playing at soldiers!"

At that moment the master of the Bear appeared.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE HISTORY

OF

LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

Attributed to Oliver Goldsmith.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.

LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

All the world must know that Goody Two-Shoes was not a little girl's real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a large farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes he met with in business, and the wickedness of Sir Timothy Gripe, and a farmer named Graspall, he was quite ruined.

Care and discontent shortened the life of little Margery's father. Her poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world; but, poor woman! it would have melted your heart to have seen how frequently she raised her head while she lay speechless, to survey with pitying

looks her little orphans, as much as to say, "Do, Tommy,—do, Margery, come with me." They cried, poor things! and she sighed away her soul, and, I hope, is happy.

It would both have excited your pity and have done your heart good, to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things! to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they slept every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them: no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-pated boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy, and make him a little sailor; and, accordingly, had a jacket and trowsers made for him.

After some days, the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him. The parting between these two little children was very affecting. They both cried, and they kissed each other an hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

As soon as little Margery got up the next morning, which

was very early, she ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed, for he had gone away the night before. However, when the shoemaker came in with her shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order, she was very much pleased.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron, cried out, "Two Shoes, Ma'm! see Two Shoes!" And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose, she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following plan for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

And six sets of these:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z.

And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up the words they wanted to spell.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, as they called it, was this: suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding (and who can suppose a better?), the children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter p, the next l, the next u, the next m, and so on till the whole was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door,—tap, tap, tap! "Who's there?" "Only little Goody Two-Shoes," answered Margery, "come to teach Billy." "Oh, little Goody," says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you! Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes?" says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the small alphabet mixed together, and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order. She then threw down the alphabet of capital letters, and he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them rightly.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. "Bow, wow, wow!" says the dog at the door. "Sirrah!" says his mistress, "why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in,

Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson." "Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one, in

the country manner; and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables:—

ba be bi bo bu	ma me mi mo mu
da de di do du	sa se si so su

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them; after which she set up the following:—

ac ec ic oc uc ad ed id od ud
af ef if of uf ag eg ig og ug

and pronounced them likewise.

After this, little Two-Shoes taught Sally to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, and all came round little Margery at once; who having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner. He answered, "Bread." "Well, then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-Pie," answered the little girl. Upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on till the two words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus, Apple-Pie. The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips, which were spelt, with many others, till the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we proceeded.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thompson's, where there were a great many little ones waiting for her. "So, little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes," says one of them, "where have you been so long?" "I have been teaching," says she, "longer than I intended, and am, I am afraid, come too soon for you now." "No, but indeed you are not," replied the other; "for I have learned my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson,

and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all." And they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her. "Why, then," says she, "you are all very good; so let us begin our lessons."

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of the rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with little Margery, and said, laughing, "So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage; pray, can you tell me what I shall do to get well?" "Yes, sir," says she; "go to bed when your rooks do, and get up with them in the morning; earn as they do every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn, and you'll get health and keep it." The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussey.

There was in the same parish a Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A B C, who was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour: namely, that little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

The room in which Mrs. Margery taught her scholars was

very large and spacious, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters or alphabets all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word, when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

One day, as Mrs. Margery was going through the next village, she met with some wicked boys who had got a young

raven, which they were going to throw at. She wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave

them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called his name Ralph, and a fine bird he was.

Now this bird she taught to speak, to spell, and to read; and as he was particularly fond of playing with the large letters, the children used to call them Ralph's alphabet.

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys who had taken a pigeon and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor bird with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment. This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom. And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a little skylark. She thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when it was time to get up. "For he that is fond of his bed, and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death."

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought him home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule with the wise men of that age (and a very good one, let me tell you) to "Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb." This lamb she called Will, and a pretty fellow he was.

No sooner was Tippy, the lark, and Will, the ba-lamb, brought into the school, than that sensible rogue Ralph, the raven, composed the following verse, which every good little boy and girl should get by heart:—

"*Early to bed, and early to rise,*
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, whom she called Jumper. He was always in a good humour, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, so that he may be called the porter of a college, for he would let nobody go out nor any one come in, without leave of his mistress.

Billy, the ba-lamb, was a cheerful fellow, and all the children were fond of him; wherefore Mrs. Two-Shoes made it a rule that those who behaved best should have Will home with them at night, to carry their satchel or basket on his back, and bring it in the morning.

It was about this time that a farmer stopped one evening at Mrs. Margery's gate, and, to her great surprise, pulled out a letter, which, he said, the postman at the town had given him for her. Margery jumped for joy, for she knew the letter was from her brother Tommy. He had written from India to tell her he was quite well, that he was getting some money, and that as soon as he had sufficient he meant to return to England to see his dear sister. This letter was a source of great comfort to Margery, and she read it very often.

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequently observed, was always

doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of her neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years

greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for

advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, while most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled. This occasioned a very great noise in the country, and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goosecap, a busy fellow in other people's concerns, to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her school when she was walking about with the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man, that he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this, she, laughing, answered, "A conjurer! a conjurer!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

At the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life and less of the law, behaved very badly, and though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. "Who can you bring *against* my character, sir?" says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and (laying a barometer or weather-glass upon the table) it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbours to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who

was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch. And

then gave such an account of Mrs. Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen present

returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such an high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take the care of his family and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour he intended her, but, though poor, would not consent to be made a lady till he had provided for his daughter.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried, "Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, and particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, desiring to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy, which immediately succeeded; for you must know that this gentleman so richly dressed was little Tommy Meanwell, Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing as soon as he landed of his sister's intended wedding, had rode

post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion-table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

Sir Charles and Lady Jones lived happily for many years. Her ladyship continued to visit the school in which she had passed so many happy days, and always gave the prizes to the best scholars with her own hands. She also gave to the parish several acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor who would come and fetch them for the use of their families; but if any took them to sell, they were deprived of that privilege ever after. And these roots were planted and raised from the rent arising from a farm which she had assigned over for that purpose. In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to all who were in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.

AND THUS ENDED THE

HAPPY HISTORY OF

LITTLE GOODY

TWO-SHOES.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE STORY

OF

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.

Macquoid. del.

T. BOLTON.

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

On a fine summer's day in the country, a duck was once

sitting in her nest hatching her eggs; but of this important task she was almost tired, for scarcely any one had visited her, as the other ducks were swimming about in the pond, and did not stay to gossip with her. At last, one egg cracked, then a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, to a sixth.—"Piep! piep!" went one, "Piep! piep!" went another, until a dozen had cracked, and the little half-naked brood thrust their heads out of their narrow, fragile dwelling, as if out of a window. "Quack! quack!" said the mother, as the little ducklings hastened out as fast as they could, looking about them in great amazement. "How big the world is!" said the little ones. "Do you think that this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Ah, no! it stretches far away beyond the garden. But are you all here?" continued she, with true motherly care. "No, they are not all hatched yet," added she; "the biggest egg lies there still! How long will it last? I begin really to be quite tired." However, she sat down on the nest again.

"Well! how are you to-day?" exclaimed an old duck, who came bustling to pay her friend a visit.

"Oh, there is no end to hatching this one egg!" complained the mother; "the shell must be too hard for the duckling to break. But now you shall see the others. There is my pretty little family."

"Show me the egg that will not break," interrupted the old duck. "Believe me, it is a Turkey's egg. The same thing happened to me once, and I had a precious trouble with

the brood; for let me entice, or even peck them as I might, into the water they would not go. Yes, I am quite right; it is a turkey's egg. So, get off your nest, and teach the other ones to swim."

"I can but sit a little while longer," replied the mother.

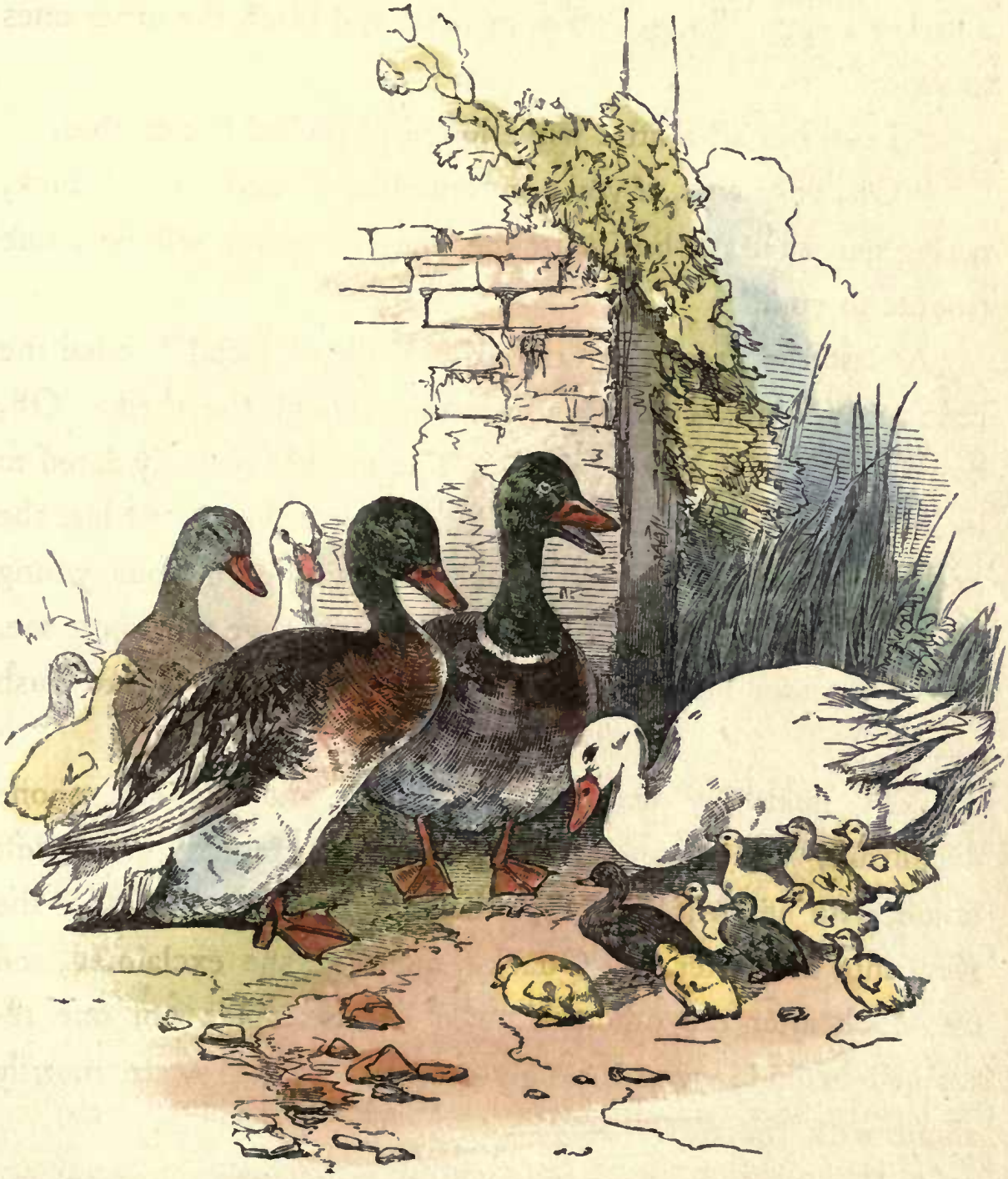
"Oh, very well, if you are contented!" said the old duck, taking her leave; "but, trust me, the changeling will be a fine trouble to you."

At last the great egg cracked. "Piep! piep!" cried the little terrified new-comer, as he broke through the shell. Oh, how big and how ugly he was! The mother scarcely dared to look at him; she knew not what to think of him. At last she exclaimed, involuntarily, "This is certainly a curious young drake. It may turn out to be a turkey; but we will soon see. Into the water he must go, even should I be obliged to push him in."

The next day was very beautiful, and the sun shone delightfully on the green burdock. The mother duck left home, with her whole family waddling about her. Splash! she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" she exclaimed, and one duck after the other followed her example: not one remained behind; even the ugly grey last comer swam merrily about with the rest.

"He is no turkey after all, and will not disgrace my family," said the old duck. "Really, if one examines him closely, he is rather pretty. Quack! quack! now come with

me, and I will show you the world, and introduce you to the farm-yard."



They soon reached the yard, but the other ducks viewed them with a contemptuous air, and said aloud, "Here comes

another brood! as if we were not numerous enough already. But see, what an ugly thing that duckling is; he is not to be suffered among us." At these words, an insolent drake bit the poor duckling in the neck.

"Leave him alone," exclaimed his mother; "he doesn't harm any one."

"Perhaps not," answered the offending drake; "but he is much too big for his age, and a beating will do him good."

The mother smoothed his ruffled feathers, but the poor ugly-looking duckling was pecked at, pushed, and ridiculed by both ducks and chickens. So the poor persecuted creature knew not where he might stand, or where he might go; and was quite cast down by the insults which he suffered on account of his unfortunate ugliness.

Thus the first day passed, but every succeeding one was more and more full of trouble and vexation. The duckling was hunted by all like a wild animal; even his brothers and sisters behaved very badly to him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the fowls pushed him roughly away.

Then he ran and flew over the palings, until at last, by a great effort, he alighted on a hedge. The little singing-birds in the bushes flew away frightened. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the young duck, shutting his eyes; but nevertheless he continued to fly onwards till he reached a large marsh, where the wild ducks flock together. There he remained,

sorrowful and tired to death, the whole night. Early in

the morning the wild ducks perceived their new comrade.

"You are ugly, indeed," said they; "but that is no consequence, if you do not marry into our family."

The poor exile was safe enough on that point,—he only wanted leave to remain quietly lying amongst the reeds, and drinking a little marsh water. Here he lay two whole days. Then came two wild geese, who by chance were ganders, and having just broken out of the egg-shell, were very pert on that account.

"Listen, comrade," said they; "you are so ugly that we shall not object to you for a companion. Fly with us to another marsh hard by, wherein some exceedingly pretty wild geese have dwelt since last autumn. You may perhaps obtain one of them, in the dearth of beaux, ugly as you are."

"Bang! bang!" sounded at this moment over them, and both wild geese sank down dead, while the water around them was dyed red. "Bang! bang!" it went again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up out of the reeds. The sportsman beat about the marsh on all sides, and a spaniel dashed through the thick morass. It was a terrible fright for the poor ugly duckling, when the fearful dog opened his jaws and showed his teeth; but, splash, splash, the hound ran off, without troubling himself about this easy booty.

"God be praised!" sighed the little duck, "I am so ugly, that even the hound will not touch me." And so he remained quite still, while the shots rattled briskly over his head among the rushes.

It was tolerably late in the afternoon before the noise had ceased, and the poor duckling dared to come out of

his hiding-place, and then ran away from the terrible marsh.

Towards evening our fugitive reached a poor peasant's hut, the rotten door of which had fallen from its hinges, so that a very welcome chink was left, through which he could slip into the room.

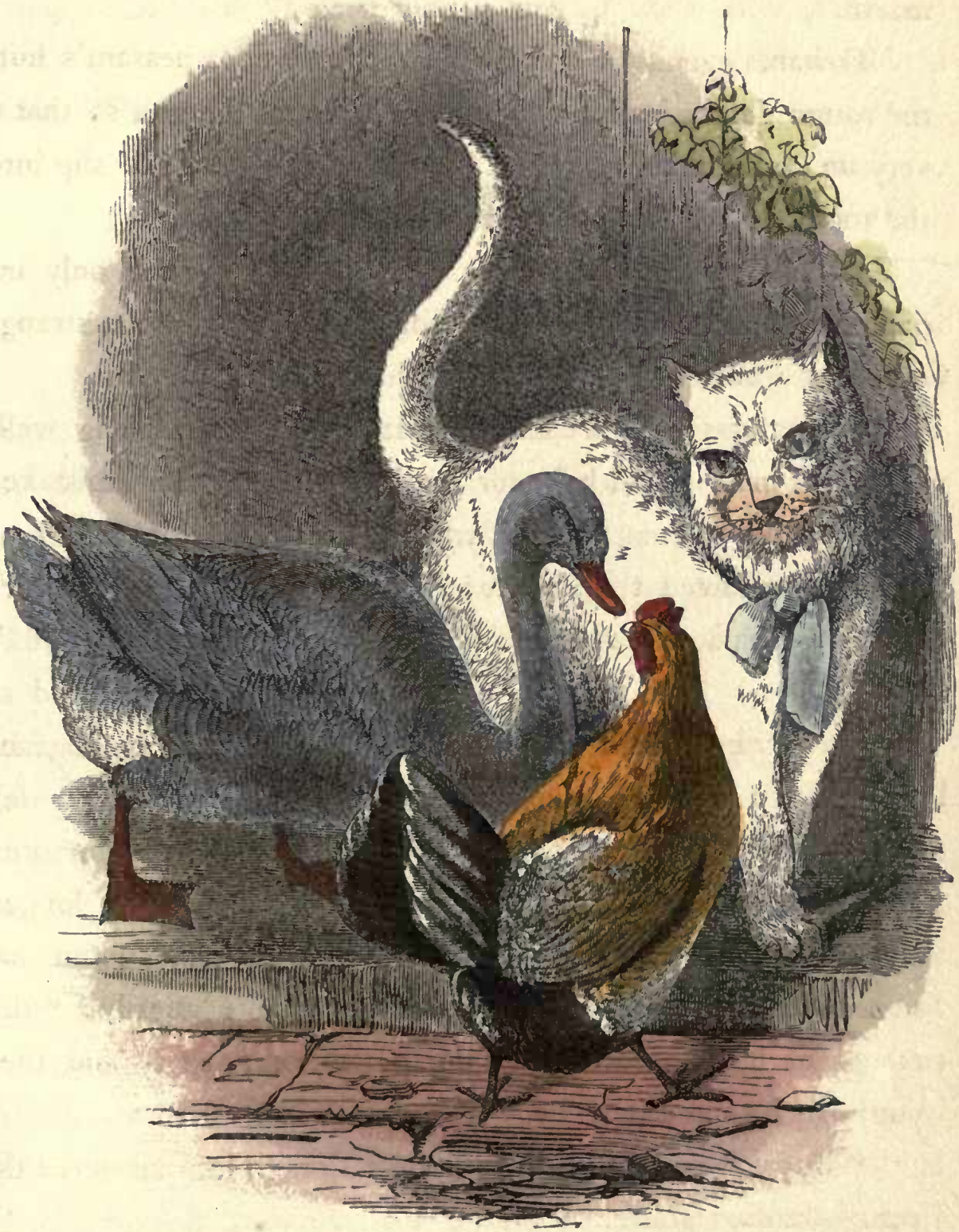
An old woman with her cat and hen were the only inhabitants; and they next morning discovered their strange unbidden guest.

"What is that?" said the dame, who, not seeing well, took the poor lean bird for a fat duck who had mistaken his way in the dark. "Here is indeed a piece of good luck!" exclaimed she, overjoyed. "Now I can have duck's eggs, provided the stupid thing be not a drake after all!" addded she. "But we will let it remain on trial." And so the youngster remained three weeks, but without laying any eggs, when one morning, after a sleepless night, he felt himself seized with an unconquerable longing to swim once more in the clear water. At last he could bear it no longer, and he spoke his wish to the hen. "What whim has seized upon you now?" answered she, quite angrily; "this comes of having nothing to do. Lay some eggs, and then you will be all right."

"But it is so beautiful to swim on the water," answered the young drake, sighing.

"A mighty pleasure, truly!" scolded the hen. "You

are certainly crazy; ask the cat, who is wiser than I, if he



likes swimming on the water." "You do not understand

me," sighed the duck. "Not understand you, indeed! If *we* don't, who should, you yellow beak?" exclaimed pert madam hen.

"I am determined I will wander out into the world," said the little drake, taking courage.

"Yes, do so!" answered the hen, uncivilly.

And the poor duckling set off again on his travels, for which he had so longed; but no sooner did any animal see him, than he was sure to be twitted with his ugliness.

Autumn was now waning; the leaves in the wood became yellow and brown, and being driven by the wind, danced about in mournful eddies; the air was quite biting, and on the hedge the crow sat and cried "Caw! caw!" from sheer cold. The poor persecuted duckling was even worse off than he.

One evening, while the sun was going down so red that it looked like a fiery wheel, a flock of large birds suddenly rose from the bushes, sprinkled by the foam of the waves; the ugly green duckling had never seen any creatures so beautiful as they appeared, with their spotless feathers as white as new-fallen snow, and their long graceful necks. The swans, for such they were, after uttering their peculiar cry, extended their beautiful wings and flew away from this cold land to a warmer latitude beyond the sea. As they rose up high into the air, the young duckling stretched his neck after them, and uttered a cry so shrill, that he himself was frightened. He knew not

what the birds were called, nor whither they flew; but still he loved them as he had never loved any one before.

Now the winter became so cold, so piercing cold, that our duckling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen. But every night the space wherein he swam became smaller and smaller; the surface of the ice kept increasing in thickness. At last he became so weary, that he was forced to remain fast frozen in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came past, and seeing the unhappy bird, ventured on the ice, which he broke with his wooden shoe, and rescued the half-dead captive, and carried him home, where he quickly recovered.

The children wished to play with him, but the young duckling thought they would do him some harm, and in his terror he flew into an earthen milkpan, and splashed the milk all over the room. The housewife shrieked and wrung her hands, so that our bird became more and more confused, and flew into the churn, and from thence into the meal-barrel. The housewife tried to hit him with the tongs, while the children tumbled over one another in their haste to catch him.

Happily for our duckling, the door stood open, and he escaped into the open air, and flying with difficulty to the nearest bushes, he sank down on the snow, where he lay quite exhausted.

It would indeed be very mournful to describe all the trouble

and misery that the poor duckling felt during the cold winter. Enough, that he remained cowering under the reeds in a marsh, until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with their songs.

Then the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than formerly, and carried him far away to a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full flower, while the long green twigs of the elder-tree hung down almost into the water, which meandered picturesquely through the soft grass. Oh, how beautiful, how fresh all nature seemed! And now there came from out of the thicket three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water. The poor duckling knew the stately birds, and a feeling of melancholy came over him.

"I will fly towards these royal birds, and they shall kill me for my presumption in daring to go near them—I, who am so ugly. But it matters not: better is it to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked at by the hens, and pushed about by the peasant girls, and to want for food in the winter." With these thoughts the duckling flew into the middle of the water, and swam towards the three beautiful swans, who, as they perceived the little stranger, came to welcome him.

"Do but kill me," said the poor bird, bending its head towards the water, and awaiting death in quiet submission; when, lo! it saw its own image in the clear surface, and

instead of an ugly dark-green duckling, beheld a stately *swan*.

It matters little being born in a duck-yard, provided one is

hatched from a swan's egg! He now blessed his former trials, which had taught him to appreciate the delights that surrounded him; while the larger swans gathered about him, and stroked him lovingly with their beaks. Just then two little children came into the garden and ran towards the canal. They threw corn and bread down to the swans.

"Oh, there is a new one!" exclaimed the smallest child, and both clapped their hands for joy; then they ran away to call papa and mamma. So more bread and cake were thrown into the water, and all said, "The new one is the most beautiful,—so young, and so graceful!" and the old swans bowed down to their new companion.

Then the once ugly bird felt quite ashamed, and put his head under his wing; for, though happy to excess, still he was none the prouder, for a good heart is never proud. But when he compared the persecution and scorn he had endured from everybody, with the flattering epithets now bestowed upon him, as the most beautiful of these beautiful birds, he stretched his graceful neck upwards, and exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart, "I never dreamt of such happiness when I used to be called an ugly duckling!"

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE STORY

OF

THE CHARMED FAWN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.

Macquoid. del. T. BOLTON.

THE CHARMED FAWN.

THERE was once a little brother who took his younger sister by the hand, and said to her, "We have never known a happy hour since we lost our mother. Our Stepmother does

nothing but beat or kick us all day long. She gives us dry crusts for our dinner, and treats us much worse than the dog under the table, for he often gets a nice bit. What would our poor mother say if she knew how ill we are used! Come, let us go forth into the wide world." And away they wandered over meadows, fields, and stones; and whenever it rained, the sister would say, "The sky is crying, like our poor hearts." Towards evening they reached a large wood; and what with grief, hunger, and fatigue, they were so exhausted that they took refuge in a hollow tree, where they fell fast asleep.

When they awoke next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens, and its warm beams were falling right upon the tree. The brother then said, "Sister, I am very thirsty, and if I could but find a spring, I should be so glad to drink. I almost think I hear the sound of water, bubbling just by."

And he took his sister by the hand, and they went to look for a stream. But their wicked stepmother, who was a witch, and was well aware that the children had run away, had slunk after them, and bewitched all the springs in the forest. So, when they reached a stream that ran sparkling over the pebbles, and the brother was going to drink of its water, the sister heard it murmur as it rushed along, "Whoever drinks out of me will become a tiger."

The sister then cried out, "I beseech you, brother, do not drink, or else you will become a wild beast, and tear me to pieces."

So the brother refrained from drinking, though he wanted sadly to quench his thirst, and said, "I will wait till we come to the next stream."

And when they reached another spring, the sister heard it murmur, "Whoever drinks out of me will become a wolf."

Then the sister exclaimed, "I beseech you, brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up." So the brother did not drink, but answered, "I will wait till we come to the next stream; but then I must drink, say what you will."

And when they reached the third spring, the sister heard it say, as it ran along, "Whoever drinks out of me will become a fawn."

Then the sister said, "Oh, brother, I beseech you not to drink, or you will become a fawn, and run away from me." But the brother had already knelt beside the stream, and stooped down and drunk of its waters; and the first drop had no sooner moistened his lips than he was changed to a young fawn. The sister wept over her poor transformed brother, and the fawn wept likewise as he sat mournfully by her side.

At length the little girl said, "Be easy, dear fawn, I will

never leave you." She then took off her golden band, and

put it round the fawn's neck, and gathered some rushes, and made a flexible rope, which she fastened to the collar, and thus led the little animal along, and went deeper into the forest. And after going a long, long way, she at last found an empty hut, where she thought they might live. She then went and fetched leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn; and every morning she gathered roots, berries, or nuts for her own nourishment, and fresh grass for the fawn, who ate out of her hand, and frisked about as if he were pleased. When evening came, and the sister felt tired, she said her prayers, and then pillowed her head on the little fawn's back, and went to sleep. In short, they might have been very happy, if the brother had but retained his natural shape.

They had lived a long while in the wilderness, when it happened one day that the king went a hunting in the forest. The fawn, hearing the sound of the horn, the yelping of the hounds, and the hallooing of the huntsmen, longed to be present, and said to his sister, "Let me join the hunt, for I can keep away no longer." And he begged and begged, till at last she consented. "Only, pray, come back again to-night," said she; "and, as I shall shut my door against the huntsmen, mind you knock, and say, 'Sister, let me in;' for if you do not say so, I shall not open the door."

The fawn now darted away, and was delighted to scent the

fresh air as he bounded along. The king and his huntsmen saw

the beautiful animal, and gave chase, but were unable to overtake it; and when they thought themselves certain of their prey, it suddenly disappeared within the thicket. It was now dark, and the fawn ran home, and knocked at the door, saying, "Sister, let me in." The little door was immediately opened, and in jumped her companion, and rested all night on his soft couch.

The next day the hunt was again abroad, and no sooner did the fawn hear the horn and the huntsmen's halloo, than he could not rest, but said to his sister, "Pray, sister, open the door, for I must be off." The sister accordingly opened the door, saying, "But remember to come back at night, and repeat the same words." When the king and the huntsmen again caught sight of the fawn, with his golden collar, they all pursued him; but he was too swift for them, and evaded them all day long: towards evening, however, they managed to surround him, and one of the hunters wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he limped as he went along, and was obliged to return home very slowly. This enabled one of the huntsmen to watch him to the hut, when he heard him crying out, "Sister, let me in," and saw the door was opened, and immediately closed again. The huntsman then went back, and told the king all he had seen and heard; and the monarch said that they should hunt again on the following day.

The sister was very much alarmed when the fawn came

back wounded ; but she washed off the blood, and bound some

simples on the wound, and said, "Go and lie down, dear fawn, that you may get cured." The wound was so slight that it had healed by the next morning; and when the fawn again heard the huntsmen in the forest, he said, "I can't keep away, I must be after them; but they shall not catch me so easily again." The sister shed tears, and said, "They will certainly kill you; so I will not let you go." "Then if you prevent my going, I shall die of grief here instead," answered the fawn; "for when I hear the sound of the horn, I feel as if I wanted to jump out of my shoes." So the sister could not help opening the door, though she did it with a heavy heart; and the fawn bounded gaily across the forest. When the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen, "Now we must hunt him till evening, only mind nobody hurts him." Towards sunset the king said to the huntsman who had followed the fawn the day before, "Come now, and show me the hut where he dwells." On reaching the door, he knocked, and said, "Dear sister, let me come in." The door flew open, and the king walked in, and beheld the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. But the poor girl was very much frightened when she saw the king with his golden crown on his head instead of her beloved fawn. Then the king looked at her in a kindly manner, and held out his hand to her, saying, "Will you accompany me to my

palace, and become my queen?" "Yes," replied the maiden,

"provided I may take my fawn with me, for I cannot abandon

him." "The fawn shall remain with you as long as you live," rejoined the king, "and he shall want for nothing." Meantime the fawn came bounding home, when his sister fastened the rope to his collar, and led him away with her.

The king took the beautiful girl to his palace, where their marriage was celebrated with great pomp; and he lived very happily with his new queen, while the fawn was fondled and pampered, and had the run of the palace-gardens. Meantime the wicked stepmother, whose cruelty had obliged the children to go forth into the wide world, had hoped all along that the little girl had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts in the forest, and that the little boy had been shot dead by some huntsmen, mistaking him for a real fawn. So when she heard how happy they were, envy and malice were continually gnawing at her heart; and she thought of nothing else but how she should bring them into trouble again. Her own daughter, too, who was one-eyed and as ugly as sin, kept kindling her bad passions by incessant reproaches, and saying, that it was she who ought to have been a queen. "Be easy," said the old beldame; "when a good opportunity offers, I will not let it slip."

Accordingly, as soon as she heard that the queen had become the mother of a fine little boy, the old witch went to

the palace while the king was out hunting; and having assumed the shape of one of the queen's maids, she went into her bedchamber, and said, "The bath is now ready, and if it pleases your majesty to get up before it gets cold, no doubt it will do you good." The witch's daughter, who was likewise at hand, then helped to lift the sick queen into the bath. No sooner had they done this than they closed the door of the bath-room, where they had made such a fire, that they felt certain the beautiful young queen would be instantly stifled.

The old crone then put a cap on her daughter's head, and laid her in the queen's bed, and tried to make her look as like her majesty as possible; only, not being able to give her back the eye that was missing, she bade her lie on that side, so as to conceal the defect. Towards evening the king came home, and hearing that a son was born to him, was delighted at the news, and immediately went to see his beloved wife. As he approached the bed, the old crone cried out to him, "For goodness' sake, do not draw the curtain, for the queen wants rest, and the light would hurt her." So the king retired, without imagining that a false queen was lying in the bed.

Towards midnight, when every one was asleep except the nurse, who sat watching beside the cradle in the nursery, the door opened, and the real queen came in. She took the baby

out of the cradle, and gave it some drink. She then shook up its little pillow, and put it back into the cradle, and covered it up with the counterpane. Nor did she forget the fawn, but went into the corner where it lay, and stroked its back. She then retired as silently as she had come; and the nurse inquired next morning of the sentinels whether any one had entered the palace during the night? But they all answered that they had seen nobody. She came in this manner for several nights, but never spoke a word; and the nurse always saw her, but did not dare mention anything about it.

After a time, the queen began to speak in the night, and her words ran as follows:

"Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn?
Twice more will I come, and then vanish at dawn."

The nurse made no answer, but when she had disappeared, she went and told the king what she had heard. "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the king, "what can all this mean? To-morrow night I will keep watch myself by the baby's cradle." And accordingly, when evening came, the king went into the nursery, and towards midnight the queen appeared again, and murmured:

"Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn?
Once more will I come, and then vanish at dawn."

And she then nursed the baby as she was wont to do before

she disappeared. The king did not venture to speak to her,

but on the following night he sat up again, when she came, and said once more:

"Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn?
For the last time I come, and shall vanish at dawn."

The king could now restrain himself no longer, and jumped up, crying, "You can be no other than my dear wife." "Yes," replied she, "I am your dear wife;" and at the same moment she was restored to life, and was once more rosy and full of health. She then related to the king the crime the abominable witch and her daughter had committed. The king caused them both to be delivered up to justice, and the daughter was condemned to be carried into the forest, where the wild beasts tore her to pieces the moment they saw her, while the wicked old hag was burnt for a witch. And no sooner had the flames consumed her, than the fawn recovered his human shape, and the brother and sister were happy ever after to the end of their days.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE

PLEASANT HISTORY

OF

HANS IN LUCK.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD WEHNERT.

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master for seven long years, when he said to him: "Master, my time is now up, so please to give me my wages, as I wish to return home to my mother." The

master answered: "You have served me like a trusty, honest fellow, as you are, and such as your services have been, so shall be your hire."

And thereupon he gave him a piece of gold as large as Hans' head. Hans took a cloth and rolled up the lump of gold, and slung it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home. As he went along, and kept setting one foot before the other, he happened to come up with a traveller, who was riding at a brisk pace on a lively horse.

"Oh, what a delightful thing it is to ride!" cried Hans aloud: "it is every bit as good as sitting on a chair; one doesn't knock one's toes against the stones, and one saves one's shoes; and yet one gets on, one hardly knows how."

The man on horseback having heard these wise reflections, cried out to him, "Nay, then, Hans, why do you go on foot?"

"Why, you see, I am obliged to carry this lump home," replied Hans, "and gold though it be, it bothers me sadly, as I am obliged to hold my head on one side, and it weighs so heavily on my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the rider, stopping his horse, "we can make a bargain. Suppose I were to give you my horse, and you were to let me have your lump in exchange."

"That I will, and thank you too," said Hans; "but I remind you that you will have to drag it along as best you may."

The traveller got down from his horse, and took the lump of gold, and then helped Hans to mount; and having placed the bridle in his hand, said to him, "When you want to go very fast, you have only to smack your tongue, and cry, 'Hop! hop!'"

Hans was in great delight, as he sat on the horse, and found he rode along so easily and so pleasantly. After awhile, however, he fancied he should like to go a little quicker, so he began to smack his tongue, and to shout "Hop! hop!"

The horse set off at a brisk trot, and before Hans had time to collect his thoughts, he was pitched into a ditch that divided the main road from the adjoining fields. The horse would have cleared the ditch at a bound, had he not been stopped by a peasant, who was driving a cow along the same road, and happened to come up with the luckless rider just at this moment. Hans crawled out of the ditch as best he might, and got upon his legs again. But he was sorely vexed, and observed to the peasant that riding was no joke, especially when one had to do with a troublesome beast that thought nothing of kicking, and plunging, and breaking a man's neck; and that nobody should ever catch him again attempting to mount such a dangerous animal. Then he concluded by

saying, "How far preferable a creature is your cow! One

can walk quietly behind her, let alone her furnishing you with

milk, butter, and cheese, for certain every day. What would I not give to have such a cow for my own!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if that's all, I should not mind changing my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully to such a proposal, and the peasant leaped into the saddle, and was presently out of sight.

Hans now drove the cow before him at a quiet pace, and kept ruminating upon the excellent bargain he had made. "If I have only a bit of bread—and that is not likely to fail me—I shall be able to add butter and cheese to it as often as I wish. If I feel thirsty, I need only milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

On reaching a public-house, he stopped to rest himself, and in the fulness of his joy he ate up his dinner and supper all at one meal, and spent his two remaining farthings to purchase half a glass of beer. He then went his way, and continued driving his cow towards his mother's village.

Towards noon, the heat grew more and more oppressive, particularly as Hans was crossing a moor during a full hour's time. At length his thirst became so intolerable that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. "The remedy is simple enough," thought Hans, "and now is the time to milk my cow, and refresh myself with a good draught of milk."

He then tied his cow to the stump of a tree, and used

his leather cap for a pail; but do what he would, not a drop of

milk could he obtain ; and as he set about attempting to milk the cow in the most awkward manner imaginable, the enraged animal gave him a hearty kick with her hind-leg, that laid him sprawling on the ground, where he remained half stunned for a long time, and scarcely able to recollect where he was.

Fortunately there just came by a butcher trundling a wheel-barrow, in which lay a young pig.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked he, as he helped the worthy Hans to rise.

Hans related what had happened, when the butcher handed him his flask, saying, "There, man, take a draught, and it will soon bring you round again. The cow has no milk to give, for she is an old animal only fit for the yoke, or to be killed and eaten."

"Lord, now! who would have thought it?" said Hans, stroking his hair, over his forehead. "It is, to be sure, all very well to have such an animal as that to kill, particularly as it yields such a lot of meat; but then I don't much relish cow's flesh: it is not half juicy enough for me. I'd much rather have a young pig like yours. The flesh is far more tasty, to say nothing of the sausages."

"I'll tell you what, Hans," quoth the butcher, "I'll let you have my pig in exchange for your cow, just out of kindness."

"Now, that's very good of you, upon my word," replied

Hans, as he gave him the cow, while the butcher took the pig

out of the wheelbarrow, and put the string that was tied round the animal's leg into his new master's hand.

As Hans went along he could not help marvelling at his constant run of luck, which had regularly turned every little disappointment to the very best account. After a time he was overtaken by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They no sooner bid one another good morrow, than Hans related how lucky he had been, and what advantageous bargains he had struck. The lad told him, in turn, that he was carrying the goose to a christening dinner. "Only just feel how heavy it is," continued he, taking the goose up by the wings; "it has been fattening these eight weeks. I'll be bold to say that whoever tastes a slice of it when it comes to be roasted, will have to wipe away the fat from each corner of his mouth."

"Ay," said Hans, as he weighed it in one hand, "it is heavy enough to be sure; but my pig is not to be sneezed at either."

Meanwhile the lad was looking all round him with an anxious air, and then shook his head as he observed: "It's my mind your pig will get you into trouble. I have just come through a village where the mayor's pig was stolen out of

its stye ; and I'm mightily afraid it's the very pig you are now

driving. It would be a bad job for you if you were caught

with it, and the least that could happen to you would be a lodging in the black-hole."

Poor Hans now began to be frightened. "For goodness' sake," cried he, "do help me out of this scrape; and, as you know this neighbourhood better than I do, pray take my pig in exchange for your goose."

"I know I shall run some risk," replied the lad; "yet I haven't the heart to leave you in the lurch either."

And so saying he took hold of the rope, and drove away the pig as fast as he could into a by-way, while honest Hans pursued his road with the goose under his arm.

"When I come to think of it," said he to himself, "I have gained by the exchange. In the first place, a nice roast goose is a delicious morsel; then there will be the fat and the dripping to spread upon our bread for months to come; and, last of all, the beautiful white feathers will serve to fill my pillow, and I'll warrant I shall not want rocking to sleep. How pleased my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village on his way home, he saw a knife-grinder busily turning his wheel, while he kept singing:

"Old knives and old scissors to make new I grind,
And round turns my wheel e'en swift as the wind."

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last he said: "Your trade must be a good one, since you sing so merrily over your work."

"Yes," replied the knife-grinder, "it is a golden business. Your true knife-grinder is a man who finds money as often as he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that fine goose?" "I did not buy it, but exchanged it for my pig." "And where did you get piggy from?" "I gave my cow for it." "And how did you come by your cow?" "Oh, I gave a horse for it." "And how might you have obtained the horse?" "Why, I got it in exchange for a lump of gold as big as my head." "And how did you come by the gold?" "It was my wages for seven years' service." "Nay, then," said the knife-grinder, "since you have been so clever each time, you need only manage so as to hear the money jingle in your pocket every time you move, and then you will be a made man." "But how shall I set about that?" inquired Hans. "You must turn knife-grinder, like myself; and nothing is wanting to set you up in the trade but a grindstone: the rest will come of itself. I have one here that is a trifle worn, but I won't ask for anything more than your goose in exchange for it. Shall it be a bargain?" "How can you doubt it?" replied Hans; "I shall be the happiest

man on earth. Why, if I find money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what more need I care for?" And he handed him the goose, and took the grindstone. "Now," said the knife-grinder, picking up a tolerably heavy stone that lay on the ground by him, "here's a good solid stone into the bargain, on which you can hammer away, and straighten all your old crooked nails. You had better lay it on the top of the other."

Hans did so, and went away quite delighted. "I was surely born with a golden spoon in my mouth," cried he, while his eyes sparkled with joy, "for everything falls out just as pat as if I were a Sunday child." In the meantime, however, having walked since daybreak, he now began to feel tired and very hungry, as he had eaten up all his provisions in his joy at the bargain he had made for the cow. By degrees he could scarcely drag his weary limbs any farther, and was obliged to stop every minute to rest from the fatigue of carrying the two heavy stones. At length he could not help thinking how much better it would be if he had not to carry them at all. He had now crawled like a snail up to a spring, where he meant to rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught; and for this purpose he placed the stones very carefully on the brink of the well. He then sat down, and was stooping over

the well to drink, when he happened to push the stones inadvertently, and plump into the water they fell! Hans no

sooner saw them sink to the bottom of the well, than he got up joyfully, and then knelt down to thank Heaven for having

thus mercifully ridded him of his heavy burden, without the slightest reproach on his own conscience. For these stones were the only things that stood in his way. "There is not a luckier fellow than I beneath the sun," exclaimed Hans; and with a light heart and empty hands he now bounded along till he reached his mother's home.

Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.

THE

FAMOUS HISTORY

OF

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD WEHNERT.

Macquoid del. T. Bolton.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

THE famous Robin Hood, whose real name was Robert Fitzooth, and who flourished during the reigns of Henry the

Second and Richard Cœur de Lion, was born in the town of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1160. He was a handsome youth, and the best archer in the county: he regularly bore away the prizes at all the archery meetings, as he was able to strike a deer five hundred yards off. In truth, he was just fit to be one of the royal archers, and would no doubt have turned out better, had not his uncle been persuaded by the monks of Fountain Abbey to leave all his property to the Church; and thus poor Robin, being sent adrift into the world, took refuge in Sherwood Forest, where he met with several other youths, who soon formed themselves into a band under his leadership, and commenced leading the life of outlaws. Robin Hood and his men adopted a uniform of Lincoln green, with a scarlet cap; and each man was armed with a dagger and a basket-hilted sword, and a bow in his hand, and a quiver slung on his back, while the captain always had a bugle-horn with him to summon his followers about him.

One day when Robin Hood set out alone in hopes of meeting with some adventure, he reached a brook over which a narrow plank was laid to serve for a bridge; and just as he was going to cross it, a tall and handsome stranger appeared on the other side, and as neither seemed disposed to give way, they met in the middle of the bridge.

"Go back," cried the stranger to Robin Hood, "or it will be the worse for you."

But Robin Hood laughed at the idea of his giving way to anybody; and proposed they should each take an oak-branch and fight it out, and that whoever could manage to throw the other into the brook should win the day. Accordingly, they

set to in right earnest, and after thrashing each other well, the stranger gave Robin Hood a blow on his head, which effectually pitched him into the water. When Robin Hood had waded back to the bank, he put his bugle to his lips, and blew several blasts, till the forest rang again, and his followers came leaping from all directions to see what their Captain wanted. When he had told them how he had been served by the stranger, they would fain have ducked him; but Robin Hood, who admired his bravery, proposed to him to join their band.

"Here's my hand on it," cried the stranger, delighted at the proposal. "Though my name is John Little, you shall find I can do great things."

But Will Stutely, one of Robin's merry men, insisted upon it that he must be re-christened; so a feast was held, a barrel of ale broached, and the new comer's name was changed from John Little to Little John, which nickname, seeing that he was near seven feet high, was a perpetual subject for laughter.

Not long after this, as Robin Hood sat one morning by the way-side trimming his bow and arrows, there rode by a butcher with a basket of meat, who was hastening to market. After bidding him good morrow, Robin asked what he would take for the horse and the basket? The butcher, somewhat surprised, answered he would not care to sell them for less than four silver marks. "Do but throw your greasy frock into the bargain," said Robin, "and here's the money." Delighted at having concluded so good a bargain, the butcher lost no time in dismounting and throwing off his smock-frock, which the outlaw instantly put on over his clothes, and then galloped away to Nottingham.

On reaching the town, Robin Hood put up his horse at an

inn, and then went into the market, and uncovering his basket,

began to sell its contents about five times cheaper than all the other butchers; for Robin Hood neither knew nor cared about the price usually paid for meat, and it amused him vastly to see his stall surrounded by customers. The other butchers could not at first understand why everybody flocked to purchase his goods in preference to theirs; but when they heard that he had sold a leg of pork for a shilling, they consulted together, and agreed that he must be some rich man's son who was after a frolic, or else a downright madman, and that they had better try and learn something more about him, or else he would ruin their business. So when the market was over, one of them invited Robin Hood to dine with their company. The Sheriff of Nottingham presided at the head of the table, while at the other end sat the innkeeper. The outlaw played his part as well as the rest of them; and when the dishes were removed, he called for more wine, telling them all to drink as much as they could carry, and he would pay the reckoning.

The Sheriff then turned to Robin Hood, and asked him whether he had any horned beasts to sell; for he was a miser, and hoped to profit by the new butcher's want of experience, and drive a good bargain with him. Robin Hood replied he had some two or three hundred; whereupon the Sheriff said that as he wanted a few head of cattle, he would like to ride over and look at them that same day. So Robin Hood flung down a handful of silver on the table, by way of farewell to his astonished companions, and set out for Sherwood Forest with the Sheriff, who had mounted his palfrey and provided himself with a bag of gold for his purchase. The outlaw was so full of jokes and merriment as they went along, that the Sheriff

thought he had never fallen in with a pleasanter fellow. On a

sudden, however, the Sheriff recollected that the woods were

infested by Robin Hood and his band, and said to his companion he hoped they would not meet with any of them, to which Robin only answered by a loud laugh. Presently they reached the Forest, when a herd of deer crossed their path. "How do you like my horned beasts, Master Sheriff?" inquired Robin. "To tell you the truth," replied the Sheriff, "I only half like your company, and wish myself away from hence." Then Robin Hood put his bugle to his mouth and blew three blasts, when about a hundred men, with Little John at their head, immediately surrounded them; and the latter inquired what his master wanted. "I have brought the Sheriff of Nottingham to dine with us," said Robin Hood. "He is welcome," quoth Little John; "and I hope he will pay well for his dinner." They then took the bag of gold from the luckless Sheriff; and spreading a cloak on the grass, they counted out three hundred pounds: after which Robin asked him if he would like some venison for dinner. But the Sheriff told him to let him go, or he would rue the day; so the outlaw desired his best compliments to his good dame, and wished him a pleasant journey.

But if Robin loved a joke, he often did a good turn to those who needed his assistance. Once he lent four hundred golden pounds to Sir Rychard o' the Lee, who had mortgaged his lands of Wierysdale for that sum to St. Mary's Abbey, and who happened to pass through Sherwood Forest on his way to York, to beg the Abbot to grant him another year. Robin Hood, moreover, bid Little John accompany him as his squire. When they reached the city, the superior was seated in his hall, and declared to the brethren that if Sir Rychard did

not appear before sunset, his lands would be forfeited. Presently the knight of Wierysdale came in, and pretended to beg for mercy; but the proud Abbot spurned him, when Sir Rychard flung the gold at his feet and snatched away the deed, telling him if he had shown a little Christian mercy he should not only have returned the money, but made a present to the Abbey. And, indeed, the monks had to rue their mercilessness in the end, as Robin Hood levied a toll of eight hundred pounds upon them as they once passed through Sherwood Forest, which enabled him to forgive Sir Rychard's debt, when that trusty knight came to discharge it at the appointed time.

Another time, as Robin Hood was roaming through the Forest, he saw a handsome young man, in a very elegant suit, who was passing over the plain, singing blithely as he went. On the following morning he was surprised to see the same young man coming along with disordered clothes and dishevelled hair, and sighing deeply at every step, and saying, "Alack and well-a-day!" Robin Hood having sent one of his men to fetch him, inquired what lay so heavy on his heart, and why he was so gladsome yesterday and so sorry to-day. The young man pulled out his purse, and showed him a ring, saying, "I bought this yesterday to marry a maiden I have courted these seven long years, and this morning she is gone to church to wed another." "Does she love you?" said Robin. "She has told me so a hundred times," answered Allan-a-Dale—for such was the youth's name. "Tut, man! then she is not worth caring for, if she be so fickle!" cried Robin Hood. "But she does not love him," interrupted Allan-a-Dale: "he is an old cripple, quite unfit for such a lovely

lass." "Then why does she marry him?" inquired Robin Hood. "Because the old knight is rich, and her parents insist upon it, and have scolded and raved at her till she is as meek as a lamb." "And where is the wedding to take place?" said Robin. "At our parish, five miles from hence," said Allan; "and the Bishop of Hereford, who is the bridegroom's brother, is to perform the ceremony."

Then, without more ado, Robin Hood dressed himself as a harper, with a flowing white beard and a dark-coloured mantle, and bidding twenty-four of his men follow at a distance, he entered the church, and took his place near the altar. Presently the old knight made his appearance, hobbling along, and handing in a maiden as fair as the day, all tears and blushes, accompanied by her young companions strewing flowers. "This is not a fit match," said Robin Hood aloud, "and I forbid the marriage." And then, to the astonishment of the Bishop and of all present, he blew a blast on his horn, when four-and-twenty archers came leaping into the churchyard, and entered the building. Foremost among these was Allan-a-Dale, who presented his bow to Robin Hood. The outlaw by this time had cast off his cloak and false beard, and turning to the bride, said, "Now, pretty one, tell me freely whom you prefer for a husband—this gouty old knight or one of these bold young fellows?" "Alas!" said the young maid, casting down her eyes, "Allan-a-Dale has courted me for seven long years, and he is the man I would choose." "Then now, my good Lord Bishop," said Robin, "prithee unite this loving pair before we leave the church." "That cannot be," said the Bishop; "the law requires they should be asked three

times in the church." "If that is all," quoth Robin Hood,

"we'll soon settle that matter." Then pulling off the Bishop's

gown, he dressed Little John up in it, and gave him the book, and bid him ask them seven times in the church, lest three should not be enough. The people could not help laughing, but none attempted to forbid the banns, for the bishop and his brother were glad to get out of the church. Robin Hood gave away the maiden, and the whole company had a venison dinner in Sherwood Forest; and from that day Allan-a-Dale was a staunch friend to Robin Hood as long as he lived.

Robin Hood had often heard tell of the prowess of a certain Friar Tuck, who, having been expelled from Fountain Abbey for his irregular conduct, lived in a rude hut he had built himself amidst the woods, and who was said to wield a quarter-staff and let fly an arrow better than any man in Christendom. So, being anxious to see how far this was true, Robin set off one morning for Fountain Dale, where he found the friar rambling on the bank of the river Skell. The friar was a burly man, at least six feet high, with a broad chest, and an arm fit for a blacksmith. The outlaw walked up to him, saying, "Carry me over this water, thou brawny friar, or thou hast not an hour to live." The friar tucked up his gown, and carried him over without a word; but when Robin seemed to be going, he cried out, "Stop, my fine fellow, and carry me over this water, or it shall breed you pain." Robin did so, and then said, "As you are double my weight, it is fair I should have two rides to your one, so carry me back again." The friar again took Robin on his back; but on reaching the middle of the stream he pitched him into the water, saying, "Now, my fine fellow, let's see whether you'll sink or swim." Robin swam to the bank, and said, "I see you are worthy to

be my match ;" and then summoning his foresters by a blast

of his bugle, he told the friar he was Robin Hood, and asked

him to join his band. "If there's an archer amongst you that can beat me at the long bow, then I'll be your man," quoth Friar Tuck. Then pointing to a hawk on the wing, he added, "I'll kill it; and he who can strike it again before it falls, will be the better man of the two." Little John accepted the challenge. The shafts flew off; and when the dead bird was picked up, it was found that the friar's arrow had pinioned the hawk's wings to his sides, and that Little John had transfixed it from breast to back. So Friar Tuck owned himself outdone, and joined Robin's merry men.

The whole country now rang with Robin Hood's lawless pranks; when one morning six priests passed through Sherwood Forest, on richly caparisoned horses, and thinking a good prize was in the wind, the outlaws bid them halt, and Friar Tuck seized the bridle of the one whom he judged to be the abbot, and bade him pay the toll. The abbot got down and gave him a cuff that made his ears tingle; then Robin flung him on his knees, and plucked him by the beard. Quoth Friar Tuck, "We don't take that sort of coin." "But we are going on a message from King Richard," said the abbot. Then Robin bade the friar desist, saying, "God save the king, and confound all his foes!" "You are a noble fellow," quoth the abbot; "and if you and your men will give up this lawless life and become my archers, you shall have the King's pardon." He then opened his gown; and Robin Hood and his archers, guessing at once that Richard himself stood before them, bent their knees to their liege lord, crying, "Long live King Richard!"

So Robin Hood accompanied the King to London, followed

by fifty of his most faithful adherents, and here he assumed the

title of Earl of Huntingdon; but he soon grew tired of the

confinement of court, and asked permission to revisit the woods. The King granted him seven days; but when once he breathed the pure air of Sherwood again, he could not tear himself away; and when, from old habit, he sounded his bugle, he was surprised to see the signal answered by fourscore youths. Little John soon joined him, and he again became the leader of a band. King Richard was so enraged on hearing this, that he sent two hundred soldiers to reduce the rebel, and a desperate fight took place on a plain in the forest, when Robin Hood was wounded by an arrow, and removed to Kirkley's Nunnery, where the treacherous prioress suffered him to bleed to death. Seeing his end fast approaching, he called to Little John, and begged him to remove him to the woods; and there poor Robin Hood died as he had lived, beneath the green trees, and was buried according to his wish. The stone that marked the spot bore the following inscription:—

Here, underneath this little stone,
Lies Robert Earl of Huntingdon.
Ne'er archer was as he so good,
And people called him 'Robin Hood.'
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.